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How to Disrupt an Alliance

Mr. Eden's first statement to the Commons on Formosa made little attempt to conceal his anger and alarm at the situation which had arisen so soon after the Prime Minister's visit to Washington. In the subsequent debate two days later, the alarm had given way to muted regret, the anger to a laboured excuse for the difficulties which face the new Administration. The consequences in Washington were deplorable. As the press reports have clearly shown, the sharp effects of the initial protest were almost entirely obscured by the verbiage of the subsequent apology. Mr. Dulles has gone home genuinely convinced that he succeeded in smoothing down ruffled British feelings; and intelligent U.S. opinion has been encouraged to form the comfortable but misleading view that most responsible Britons agree with President Eisenhower both in de-neutralising Formosa and ignoring the irresponsible agitations of "an anti-American Left."

Nothing could be further from the truth. It is certain, for instance, that Mr. Eden's real view was expressed in the earlier stages. We can assume that he considers a private protest to be a more effective and less dangerous way of influencing U.S. policy than a public argument. Unfortunately, this convenient theory does not fit the facts. Private protests have been tried on numerous occasions in recent years. The restrictions on the exchange of atomic information, the Japanese Peace Treaty, and last year's bombing of the Yalu power stations, are three obvious examples of its failure. One of the inherent difficulties is that the public never knows the nature or result of such a protest, until, months later, it leaks in the American press. But even these leaks reinforce our view that the technique has rarely been entirely successful and has usually been a total failure. On the other hand, when at the time of General MacArthur's original advance to the Yalu, Mr. Attlee went, publicly angry, to Washington, his protest was reinforced by a high tide of public opinion in this country, in Western Europe and, finally, in the U.S. itself; and President Truman was strengthened to the point where he could take the risk, serious in terms of his own internal position, of displacing MacArthur.

Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Eden's overt rationalisation of his chosen method conceals the reality. The fact is that, between his original statement to the Commons and his subsequent speech, the Foreign Secretary surrendered to Party pressure. It was noticeable that, during last week's debate, scarcely a single Tory spokesman supported the Government's protest—watered down though it then was: most of their speeches tormented both fact and logic to justify American policy. This attitude, springing as it does from the internal party battle, is far removed from that of the Cabinet. It is also, we believe, unrepresentative of public opinion, whether, on the Right or the Left. Practically all sections of British opinion believe that an Anglo-American alliance is unavoidable. There are legitimate differences of view about the terms of that alliance and the policy it should pursue. But the gravest disservice which can be done to good relations between Britain and the U.S. is to suppress or weaken the protest which must naturally arise when American policy takes a turn to the danger of vital British interests or in contempt of British ideas of right and wrong.

In the old days Britain's response to Eisenhower's unilateral decision to de-neutralise Formosa would have been to move the Pacific Fleet to guard the approaches to Hong Kong and our shipping in the China Seas. Those days of individual power politics are past. The alternative is an understanding by the U.S. that, if her community of interest with the rest of the non-Communist world is to serve the purposes of the U.N. Charter (and in the long run of the U.S. herself), it must take the fullest account of the feelings and interests of her allies—and of the spirit of the Charter. Mr. Eden understands this, but his ineffectual private protests need to be reinforced by an expression of public opinion, which grows increasingly sensitive and which, as in the MacArthur affair, may evoke an answering expression of understanding in the U.S. To conceal the resentment which Britain feels at some aspects of U.S. policy is to encourage the growth, in this country of a sterile, nationalist resistance to America and, in the United

States, to leave President Eisenhower at the mercy of the pressure groups which are actively endeavouring to steer the U.S. into an openly imperialist and counter-revolutionary course in the Far East.

Middle East Dictators

The "temporary Constitution" announced by General Neguib is the logical consequence of his Second Coup. Sovereignty is now vested in the Leader of the Revolution and his Junta. These 13 army officers, together with the civilian Cabinet which they have hand-picked, are the ex-officio members of Congress, a body which will "review legislation and question individual Ministers on their various acts of government." This temporary dictatorship, Neguib declared, will last for 3 years, after which it will be replaced by a fully fledged constitutional regime. The significance of this announcement is twofold. First, it legalises the Army revolution, and the dictatorial powers which the Junta has been exercising since last July. Secondly, it deliberately emphasises the difference between the Egyptian revolution and the personal absolutism of Kemal Ataturk. The Junta claims to be both anti-Communist and anti-Fascist, and regards its three years' dictatorship as a phase in the modernisation of Egypt and the establishment of genuine Western democracy. Whether these excellent intentions will be corrupted by absolute power remains to be seen. Up till now the Junta has shown a noteworthy respect for civil liberties and dislike of the ceremonial militarism usually associated with political soldiers. Moreover, General Neguib shares with Colonel Sheshakly in Syria a determination to prevent a Westernising revolution being taken over and stultified by the Moslem Brotherhood. Sheshakly has actually banned the Brotherhood. Neguib has found it sufficient to imprison a few of its prominent supporters and to set a personal example of religious tolerance. Though it is dangerous to prophesy, it looks as if there is far more chance of genuine progress in Egypt and Syria than in any of the so-called Arab democracies.

Attack on Adult Education

The revelation in this journal last week that the Government had decided to cut its grant for adult education by ten per cent. set off a welcome chain-reaction over the week-end. Every newspaper which carried the story denounced the decision and Miss Horsbrugh has been harried in the Commons by Labour questioners. Even more significant, the Universities have allied themselves with the W.E.A.

Miss Horsbrugh's position is unenviable. She cannot deny that adult education is to be crippled for the sake of a paltry saving of £25,000. Moreover, as Dr. Raybould, the Director of Extra-mural Studies at Leeds University, points out in a letter to *The Times*, the proposed cut is entirely inconsistent with the treatment of other University work by the Treasury and the University Grants Committee. The U.G.C.'s policy, supported by the Treasury, is to continue grants for the current year at a level high enough to allow the work to be maintained at last year's level, with enough additional money to meet rising costs, and to tell the Universities they can reckon on modest increases during the subsequent years of the quinquennium that has just begun. General University Grants are planned for five-year periods, and come from the U.G.C. Only the Extra-mural work, and what is done directly under W.E.A. auspices, is financed through the Ministry of Education by annual grants. If these are cut suddenly, the Universities and the W.E.A. are faced, as Dr. Raybould points out, with inescapable commitments to full-time tutors, and can cut their costs only by drastic reductions in the classes taken by part-time tutors. For these, the cut is bound far to exceed the ten per cent. by which the whole grant is being reduced. The result, if the policy is allowed to stand, will be disastrous, the saving so ludicrously small that the affair is explicable only as a political attack on the W.E.A.—an attack which rebounds on the Universities because they work with the W.E.A. and because their grants for this work come to them, by an historical accident, through the Ministry of Education and not through the U.G.C.

Revenge or Remedy?

Great Britain has signed a United Nations Draft Convention that outlaws whipping as a punishment for offenders (except, said Great Britain doggedly and alone, those who assault prison officers). The Commonwealth delegates made wider reservations, and Dr. Malan's Government has shown its hand in the new South African statute authorising flogging for criticism of the race-discrimination laws. But any foreigner who knows about all this would still be astounded at the intense off-stage activity that has preceded the birching debate in the House of Commons, and the carefully timed last-minute bombs and crackers which were devised to influence it. Among these was the result of the referendum taken by the Magistrates' Association, whose members are understood to have voted now for whipping, on the strength of a memorandum (circulated with the ballot forms) that would need to be read to be believed. "We live in a belligerent and atomic age," said this egregious document. "Children of the atomic age require robust treatment." Whipped offenders "are not thereby debarred from receiving and benefiting from modern remedial treatment"; and since a flogging, on the other hand, is "well-calculated to make them more appreciative of it," then it becomes obvious that flogging "does them good." It would be misleading, however, to suggest that this is a typical sample of argument among believers in corporal punishment. Most of these neither examine their own motives nor inquire into the consequences of what they are urging. Thanks to the Cadogan Report, those consequences are known.

Reforming the Lords

The Government's proposal to hold a conference on the reform of the House of Lords is well timed, since Mr. Attlee will find it difficult not to play fly to Mr. Churchill's spider. In the short run, and from the point of view of future Socialist Governments with a big legislative programme, the unreformed House of Lords—now that its delaying powers have been curtailed—is better left unreformed. Because it contains a small number of eminent men, it works well as a revising Chamber; because it is a ludicrous anachronism, it can never seriously threaten the power of the Commons. A reformed House of Lords would inevitably be a stronger and more respected body and therefore provide a more powerful brake on Socialist legislation. Apart from a minority who believe in abolishing the House of Lords altogether and adopting single Chamber government on the Norwegian pattern, most of the Labour leaders take this view. The difficulty is that it is an awkward view to argue publicly, and it is only too likely that Labour Members of the Conference, once they got immersed in the discussions, would find themselves committed to some kind of reform. Unless the Labour Party can make up its mind on single chamber government and advocate it at the Conference, Mr. Attlee would be well advised to refuse Mr. Churchill's invitation.

Films in Trouble

The British film industry is moving rapidly towards another of the recurrent crises which have plagued it at almost regular intervals since the war. Less than three years ago it was thought that some degree of stability had been secured by the Eady Scheme, whereby a percentage of the box-office receipts was directed into a special fund to assist British producers. This scheme, devised by Sir Wilfrid Eady, was voluntary: the levy which supported the British Film Production Fund was agreed to by the producers, renters and exhibitors alike, and, after an initial trial for one year, it was extended for a three-year period which ends in August, 1954. Though the Eady Scheme (which is the subject of an admirable pamphlet by Mr. A. Gruner, published by the *Daily Film Renter*, 6d.) did not solve the underlying crisis in the film industry, it served as a workable stop-gap. The producers, by and large, are satisfied with it, and wish to see it extended for another three years. But it takes anything from eighteen to twenty months to carry a film through all its stages, and the producers cannot now make plans that carry them beyond the expiry date of the Eady Scheme until they know what financial provisions will then prevail. This week, in fact, the Films Council was unable to recommend any "quota" figure, owing to this uncertainty about future production. The trouble now is that the exhibitors are claiming that the Eady Scheme has lost them money, that the Fund is being used to support the wrong producers, and that they will not agree to any extension unless they are given tax concessions. Without their agreement, the Eady Scheme will die; it cannot be changed from a voluntary to a statutory basis without raising a clamour from Hollywood about discriminatory legislation, and a consequent demand for an increase in the amount of dollars that U.S. companies can take out of Britain. This time there is ample warning of a crisis ahead, and the moment to tackle it is now, not when the Scheme is dying.

Rivals in Asia

The lecturing and counter-lecturing heard by the 200 delegates to the United Nations Commission for Asia and the Far East (E.C.A.F.E.) in Bandung, Indonesia, epitomises the dilemma of South-East Asia. Asians need technical help; they also want to maintain their independence.

From the Russians they get little but propaganda. A picturesque report declares that in Malaya the Russians have supplied, in exchange for large quantities of rubber, only some hundredweights of caviare. Nor is it likely in Soviet theory that Russia will seriously aid any country which is not under Communist influence, unless there is direct and immediate propaganda value to be made from it, as there has been in the case of some special deliveries of grain during periods of famine. If Capitalism is breaking down no Five-Year Plans can be anything but illusory except in a Communist world; it is, in their view, nothing but a device by which American Imperialism seeks to penetrate Asia. The Burmese Premier and, at Bandung, an Indian delegate, denounced this Soviet argument as insincere propaganda aiming only at strengthening Communism in Asian countries. They well know the danger of imperialist control accompanying Western technical assistance. But they also know that some assistance from the West is real and they intend themselves to determine where money is spent in building up their own economy. India, for example, is using technical assistance for irrigation schemes and Community Projects; Burma, for improvement of communications and the development of village industries; Indonesia for transport and machinery, and all of them are acquiring cadres of trained technicians. Achievement is slow but real.

KENYA

A Grim Atmosphere

A Correspondent in Kenya writes: The news is pretty grim. There is suffering all around. People are being murdered in their beds and children hacked to pieces. Cattle are being slaughtered by thousands, and many are being rendered homeless, while the transfers of population *en masse* have brought tremendous misery and discontent to the black citizens of this territory. The latest murders of the European citizens have, of course, brought forth a great wave of disgust, anguish and anger. In general, the Administration seems to be highly confused, and its actions are without a definite direction. The real cause of all this trouble is not being tackled at all, for the general attitude of most of the officials and the majority of the settlers is to "teach a lesson to these subversive Kukes"; their programme is simply to try and remedy matters only through repression.

It is unfortunate that a systematic attempt is being made by officials and non-officials alike to cut off even the most liberal and moderate African leaders like Odede and Murumbi from the African masses. No permission is given to any African to hold a meeting to express their disgust at the violence that is being perpetrated. There is no constructive outlook visible at all.

In spite of this atmosphere of "high tension," people like Michael Blundell, Humphrey Slade, and S. V. Cook are giving very serious attention to this problem of establishing equilibrium in this multi-racial society. Some of the discriminatory practices are being very rapidly thrown overboard, and even entry into hotels might become easy in the near future. But unless the members of all the three races can come together and take upon their own shoulders the responsibility of really getting to the very fundamentals of these problems and courageously attempting to solve them, no peace can be established. The European Settlers will have to make up their minds, and, once for all, abjure this theory of race superiority. If the Europeans continue to speak of *race superiority*, the Africans will naturally retort with "Black Nationalism." This leads nowhere. The leaders of the European community should at once declare their belief that only a truly integrated multi-racial society can bring about peace in East Africa. They should also declare that they would take part with members of all the other races in creating a pattern of life which will afford equality of opportunity for all. Politically, of course, this means that they must accept the principle of a "common roll." In educational matters, they would have to get rid of the practice of insisting on establishing separate schools, and in economic matters, the whole question of land ownership, of cash crops, and of equal pay for equal work, would have to be thrashed out.

BONN

Most Favoured Nation?

A Correspondent writes: In one European capital at least Mr. John Foster Dulles's "fact-finding tour" was a resounding success. The Bonn Government is highly satisfied, for the American Secretary of State did all that Dr. Adenauer expected him to do. He wasted little time with the dreary task of finding facts; he kept making it clear—and encouraging the Chancellor to make it public—that the new American Administration fully endorses Dr. Adenauer's European policy and means to support it in every conceivable way. Mr. Dulles also said that he had, of course, no intention of putting pressure on anyone. He merely feared, as Dr. Adenauer reported him, that "if by April 1 there are no very clear signs that ratification of the European Defence Community Treaty is definitely on the way, Congress would take a different attitude from that it would take if these signs were there."

This statement left little room for misunderstanding. Even some of the Chancellor's supporters were taken aback by its bluntness. The Social Democrats—who, in a brief interview with Mr. Dulles, were treated to an impassioned harangue on the virtues of European unity without being given the chance of putting their own point of view—are clearly dismayed. They insist, not without justice, that the Federal Government has used Mr. Dulles's visit for party propaganda.

German observers have also been quick to notice that Dr. Adenauer was singled out to receive a personal message from President Eisenhower, a distinction which has been widely interpreted as a sign that Western Germany is gradually advancing to the position of America's most favoured nation in Europe. Whether or not that impression is correct, the mere fact that it arises may have important consequences. The E.D.C. Treaty remains after all yet to be ratified. The new protocols, which the French cabinet drafted to amend the European Army Treaty, show once again how little confidence the French Government has that the Assembly will ratify the Treaty in its original form. The same applies to M. Bidault's new assurance that neither the Contractual Agreement nor the Defence Treaty will be ratified until a satisfactory Franco-German agreement on the Saar has been reached. Visible American support for Germany, in preference to France, can only further intensify French doubts and fears. At the same time, it encourages many Germans to refuse further concessions to France—over the Defence Treaty or over the Saar.

Dr. Adenauer is not among these. He is genuinely anxious to reach an understanding with France, but he is not entirely a free agent. Not only must he await the verdict of the Constitutional Court; he must also reckon with the rapidly growing support for the idea of a German national army rather than a German contribution to a European army. If the unofficial reports of the contents of the new French protocols are confirmed, this swing is likely to become even more pronounced. There have already been attempts to interpret the so-called "technical" provisions of protocols Four and Five (which, according to the unofficial version, are to guarantee the interchangeability of French units serving overseas and in the European Army as well as the continued unity of the French officer corps) as a device to preserve a French national army under the pretence of its integration into a European defence force. If this interpretation turns out to be fanciful, the French critics of the E.D.C. Treaty will remain unsatisfied. If it has substance, the Germans are not likely to accept it. After Mr. Dulles's encouraging visit they are certainly no longer prepared to accept anything less than complete equality.

Imperialism In Our Time

SELDOM in recent years has any British Government so grossly and deliberately misled the public as in the present case of Central African Federation. The latest White Papers are little masterpieces of the kind of oily deception which leaves truth lurking in the shadows between the giving and withholding of the facts. To anyone reading them without foreknowledge their proposals may well seem moderate and plausible: and the Africans, in rejecting them, will appear obstructive and unreasonable. Read with even a little understanding of the background, however, these proposals can only suggest deception, racialism and, in the circumstances of a growing African national consciousness, extreme danger to the whole British position in Africa.

Their purport is well known. Settlers and investing interests in Southern and Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland want unfettered political and economic control; and they know that they can get this—given the clear obligations of Her Majesty's Government to the tribes of the two northern Protectorates—only by smuggling in settlers' self-government under the guise of federation. Against this the Africans of the three territories have presented a gathering and now total opposition, and have made it plain that federation can be carried through only by a policy of force, and that a policy of force may well lead to counter-force—and hence to racial war in one form or another. In making this plain the Africans of these territories have been remarkably calm and dispassionate: they have uttered no wild threats, and they have asked that their point of view be taken into account before it is too late.

This point of view—set forth in numerous African proposals intended as a ground for discussion—is that the development of countries in which Africans outnumber Whites by an average of thirty to one cannot go forward on the basis of the permanent supremacy of White interests; and that the formula required for progress is the formula of multi-racial democracy. Yet of multi-racial democracy the Whites in these countries—with a few honourable exceptions—will hear no word.

If Africans had reason to oppose the original proposals of 1951 they have double reason to oppose the new programme for federation. Safeguards for African interests are drastically reduced. In the 1951 proposals there was to be a Minister for African Interests who was also the chairman of an African Affairs Board; and reference of *all* federal legislation to this Board was to be obligatory before the Bills were even published. Whenever the Minister for African Interests "took the view that the executive action proposed by Ministers would be detrimental to African interests, he would have the right to report this view to the Governor-General." And the Governor-General would then be "required to certify to that effect and to refer the question to the Secretary of State, who would then be able to give or withhold his approval," pending which nothing further could be done.

This safeguard the Africans still thought inadequate, given the void character of the Secretary of State's right of veto on discriminatory legislation in Southern Rhodesia since 1923. But it was at least some kind of safeguard. The new proposals destroy it utterly. The Minister for African Interests has disappeared. The African Affairs Board has dwindled to a standing committee of the Federal Legislature, composed of three Africans and three Whites, and having the mere right to "make representations" to the Federal Prime Minister, and to "draw attention" to objectionable Bills. In the circumstances this is about as valuable to Africans as nothing at all.

Other points in the new proposals mark a similar retreat towards the racialism of the Southern Rhodesian settlers. In the former proposals the Federal Legislature gave a majority to the Northern Rhodesia-Nyasaland settlers: the new proposals reverse this in favour of the Southern Rhodesians. Evidently everything has been done to ensure a favourable referendum of White opinion in Southern Rhodesia.

In 1939 a Conservative Government refused to proceed with closer association between these territories, concurring in the Bledisloe Commission's recommendation against it. Today, all warnings and dangers to the contrary, another Conservative Government is apparently prepared to impose federation at almost any cost in good sense, statesmanship, and racial peace. Why this change?

There are several factors. In one form or another they are at work in other parts of British Africa, tending to nullify the splendid work of the last few years in the Gold Coast and Nigeria; to obliterate the hopeful promise of racial integration through a growing industrialism in Central Africa; to ignore the better thoughts of a good many settlers in East Africa; and to conform, in the end, to the pattern of racial dictatorship now developing into Fascism in South Africa. Taken together, these reasons can be called—as J. A. Hobson called the work of Rhodes fifty years ago—a new imperialism.

In 1939 the great mining capitalists in Central Africa were against any extension of settlers' self-government. Their change of front came in 1949. That was the year in which Roy Welensky, the settlers' leader in Northern Rhodesia, having got himself elected on a programme of expropriating the mining companies, swung round and closed a deal by which the mining companies agreed to leave a proportion of copper profits to the Northern Rhodesian Government, while the settlers, on their side, abandoned their talk of expropriation. One by one since then, the big mining interests have transferred their headquarters from London to Central Africa. From that moment White opinion, whether settler, mining company, or official, has closed its ranks in favour of federation—of extending settlers' self-government.

It is this closing of White ranks which explains, perhaps more than anything else, the phenomenal rise of African nationalism in the past three years. Losing faith in imperial protection, the Africans have realised more and more that their salvation can lie only in themselves. And it is noteworthy that the Northern Rhodesian Africans are no longer asking merely for increased representation in the Legislative Council, as they did two years ago, but for parity of representation.

When the new proposals say that Federation is "essential" they do not really mean that the Territories cannot advance economically without this form of federation, but that the new imperialism cannot advance without it. There are two economic reasons for urgency. Thanks to its own mismanagement, Southern Rhodesia today is "broke": in 1951 its adverse balance of trade was £48 millions (compared with a "national income" of £99 millions); and, to rub it in, last week's Southern Rhodesian Loan offered to the City of London lies largely on the hands of the underwriters. But Northern Rhodesia, thanks to the settlers' deal of 1949, prospers mightily, its favourable balance in 1951 being no less than £32 millions and its capital reserves relatively huge. Federation could save Southern Rhodesia from the bailiffs. Mr. Whitehead, its Finance Minister, has pointed out that Southern Rhodesia would shed half its national debt under the federal proposals—about £56 millions—to the cost of the two northern Territories.

But the key to the Government's mind lies in the means of capital development. Fabulously rich in mineral resources, Central Africa cries out for capital. This capital will not be easily and immediately available unless White control is seen to be firm and fixed for long into the future; so much the big mining interests —including the Rockefeller complex which is now so busily buying its way into Central and East Africa—have made clear. That is what the White Paper means when it says that: "Only a well-balanced and co-ordinated economic unit would be able to attract development capital from outside on a scale necessary to realise the full potentialities of the three territories." What these financial interests want—whether British or American or South African —is an assurance that their capital will flow into the same socio-economic framework of "cheap African labour" and "permanent White supremacy" as it does in the Union of South Africa. Therein lies the essence of the Government's case, although the Government, of course, does not tell the public this.

Imperialists can accept it as a convincing case; and on these terms, it is a strong one. No one else can think that it promises anything but evil for the future. Least of all can the Africans accept it. The old imperialism cost blood, disorder and misery for millions; and if White men have forgotten the murderous wars against the Matabele and Mashona, the Africans have not. If White men justify the prolongation of "White supremacy" and ignore the meaning of this for Africans, the Africans do not. These Africans are glimpsing now the chance of a better future for themselves and their children; and they know that federation will kill that chance. Like its forerunner, this new imperialism will also cost blood and misery. Even supposing this new imperialism can none the less be imposed on Africa—and this is, after all, not so very certain—are the British people prepared to impose it? Do we want more Kenyas, more South Africas? By imposing federation, we should inescapably invite them.

Israel and the Arabs

THE Government's decision to deliver twelve obsolete Meteors and two trainers with strict impartiality to every Middle Eastern state, including Israel, is a magnificent example of how not to handle the Arab problem. Announced at a time when the Anglo-Egyptian negotiations are entering their most critical phase (if agreement is reached on the Sudan, the Canal Zone will present an even more ticklish problem), and when the relations between Israel and Jordan have taken a sudden turn for the worse, this mathematically impartial sale of jets is just what it appears, a short-sighted act of appeasement, designed to cool off the consuming fire of anti-British feeling in the Arab countries. This kind of appeasement compels the Israeli to stand even more pugnaciously in defence of their frontiers; simultaneously, it revives among the Arabs the fond hope that, since the Soviet Union has reversed its attitude to Zionism for obvious reasons of Communist strategy, Britain and America may yet be persuaded once again to sacrifice the Jews for their strategic expediency. Mr. Eden can argue, as Mr. Bevin did before him, that in selling these arms he is merely fulfilling a contract. But what matters is why he chose to fulfil it *now*. Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Dalton, therefore, who have both recently visited Israel, were fully justified in denouncing the Government's action in the strongest terms. Apparently, they have learnt from their experience the disastrous results of accepting the "realistic" advice of the Foreign Office and of the Chiefs of Staff.

But the denunciation of the sale of arms to the Middle East is not enough. Now that it has publicly renounced Ernest Bevin's Palestine policy and admitted the folly of his belief that the Arab League, equipped with British arms and permitted to liquidate the Jews, could become a bulwark against Communism, the Labour Party needs to work out a new constructive policy for the Middle East. In doing so, it is bound to find that the central problem is how to make peace between Israel and her neighbours. So long as the present state of war continues—and, even more important, so long as the psychology of war dominates both Jews and Arabs—it will be impossible to carry out any effective plans either for economic reconstruction or for military defence. The Israeli will be compelled to court

economic disaster by imposing 2½ years' military service on all their boys and girls and spending 20 per cent. of the national income on arms. On the other side, the Arab oligarchies will continue to divert attention from social problems by keeping the anti-Zionist agitation at white heat and then blaming the Jews and their Western imperialist backers for the miserable condition of their peoples.

An Anglo-Egyptian agreement—vital though it is to any Middle Eastern settlement—will not affect this issue. On the contrary, the removal of Neguib's main grievance against Britain may well mean that Egypt, which has recently shown little interest in the Jewish problem, will now come into line with the other Arab states in demanding an "honourable settlement" of it as a precondition of any co-operation with the West. What the Arabs mean by an "honourable settlement" is that, before peace negotiations begin, the Jews should agree to the return of a large number of the refugees to their homes in Israel and full compensation for all the rest. Not unnaturally, the Jews reply that such claims can only be considered as part of a peace treaty. The deadlock is complete.

How is this deadlock to be broken? The Arabs have their reply. The U.S., they say, is keeping the State of Israel going by private and public grants in aid. If the Americans put the screw on, the Jews will soon be compelled to "see reason." There are some Jews—though, to the credit of Israel, few of them live in Palestine—who advocate an equal and opposite policy. The Western Powers, they say, should bluntly tell the Arabs and the Egyptians that they will get no equipment for their armies until and unless they end the state of war with Israel. From all I have seen, I have reached the conclusion that such proposals would have precisely the opposite effect to that intended. The Israeli are not going to be bludgeoned into submission and, if we tried to make our assistance to the Arab states conditional on their signing a peace treaty with Israel, we should discover to our cost that there is a Mossadeq in every Middle Eastern country. Far too many Socialists talk grandiloquently about *making* peace between Israel and her neighbours, as though we were still living in the 1920s, when British proconsuls really could make peace—and make war as well—in the Middle East. They do not yet seem to realise that the Western Powers have no popular support in any Middle Eastern country except Turkey and Israel, and that effective British control only survives very precariously in Iraq and Jordan. If we try to enforce a settlement on either the Jews or the Arabs, our bluff would be called and the present chaos worse confounded.

But, although we have not the power to impose our will, British influence could still be immense, if only we would use it wisely. This means, in the first place, that we should stop living in the past, stop treating the Arabs as colonial peoples who still want our imperial protection, above all stop lecturing and admonishing the Jews or the Arabs. The Jews have not forgotten that, if they had relied on Britain and America, they would have been exterminated. The Arabs, not unreasonably, regard the plight of 800,000 destitute refugees as a direct result of America's irresponsibility and of Britain's sudden betrayal of their cause. Neither is in any mood to take our lectures seriously, or to pay much attention when we order them to make peace.

What we can do, in order to create the climate in which peace negotiations become possible, is to show that we have some genuine interest in the advancement of the peoples of the Middle East. At present, every action of the British Government shows that it is solely concerned with safeguarding our oil supplies and preparing for the eventuality of World War III. To starving Jordan, with half its population refugees, and no natural resources, we give £9,000,000 annually for the Arab Legion and £1,000,000 for economic development. In Iraq, Mr. Eden is well satisfied to keep in power a tiny, corrupt oligarchy. As for Israel, the Jews know that his attitude has changed not because he now sees their cause was just, but simply because they won the war and have built up an army which might be useful later on.

A great Empire can afford this kind of cynical realism because it has the power to coerce acquiescence. But to-day it merely fosters Arab hatred of the West, and so embitters their relations with the Jews. I am convinced that there will be no peace between Israel and the Arabs until and unless the whole British attitude is transformed, until, in fact, we stop backing first the Arabs and then the Jews for reasons of pure power politics. We all know that, so long as the Arab refugees continue to rot in their camps, no Arab politician dare even talk of peace with Israel for fear of being murdered. We also know that nothing can be done for these miserable people without enormous capital investment in water control for the enlargement of the cultivable area and in the development of light industry. Yet we have neither done anything to ensure that the millions of pounds accruing to a few primitive sheikhs on the Persian Gulf should be invested in such projects, nor have we made any large investments ourselves. But, to make quite sure that every Arab knows that we have millions to squander on anything "really important," we keep 80,000 men in the Canal Zone at vast cost and claim that the equipment there is worth £700,000,000. Having thus infuriated every Arab, we proceed to keep the Jews on their toes by selling jets to their neighbours, who should be buying water pipes and tractors.

We found in India that the application of simple Socialist principles is more effective than traditional diplomacy. If only we had applied them in the Middle East as well! In 1946 the simple Socialist view was that we were wrong to set about smashing the Jews in order to suit our strategic convenience. That view was assailed and vilified, with what results we all know. In 1953 the simple Socialist view is that it is wrong both to keep an army in the Middle East against the declared will of the inhabitants, and to exploit its oil resources while leaving its millions destitute and diseased. Far better to take the risks we took in India, withdraw our troops and so create the only conditions under which Western assistance will be acceptable. Some Socialists tell me that this kind of Socialism was all very well before the Cold War began, but now the risks are too great. Of course, the exact contrary is true. If we argue that, because there is a Cold War, we must pigeon-hole our Socialism and try to hold the Arab world by traditional methods, we shall certainly lose it—and at the same time rule out the possibility of peace between Israel and her neighbours.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Make sure of getting your copy promptly by placing a definite order with your newsagent or becoming a direct postal subscriber (full particulars are given on page 172). You are likely to be disappointed if you rely on just picking up a copy.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
Great Turnstile - London, W.C.1.

London Diary

WHAT is the correct retiring age for editors? Obviously, there has been a difference of opinion on this point between my old friend and sparring partner, Mr. Wilson Harris, who, at the age of sixty-nine has been twenty years Editor of *The Spectator*, and his two fellow directors, Sir Evelyn Wrench, and Mr. Angus Watson. Mr. Wilson Harris was probably willing enough to "give place to a younger man" when he became a septuagenarian, but was unwilling to yield to Sir Evelyn Wrench's persuasion. It was characteristic of his honesty to prefer the public announcement that he had been dismissed with two months' notice. We shan't know the whole inner story; such a quarrel amongst venerable and highly respected persons seems highly regrettable to say the least. One reason, I fancy, for the friction between Mr. Harris and Sir Evelyn has been that the latter is a Conservative in the orthodox party sense, while Mr. Wilson Harris's Conservatism is complicated by the deposit of a Liberal past, and the quiddities of an independent personality. Every now and then, *The Spectator* under Mr. Harris did not say quite what a good Conservative should say. For the same reason, Mr. Harris was a good cross-bench M.P. I hope, at any rate, that in losing his job in this manner Mr. Harris has been properly compensated, though I don't suppose the munificence of his grateful paper has been displayed on the scale which, according to Fleet Street rumour, was found desirable to compensate Mr. Sylvester Bolam for loss of office as Editor, Director, and Whipping Boy of the *Daily Mirror*.

* * *

Those who have seen the film *Seven Deadly Sins* will recall the scene in which the impoverished clarinetist, who prays every day for a miracle that will enable him to pay his rent, suddenly finds that he is standing on a bulging wallet. No doubt the decision "to set petrol free" brought a similar sense of relief to advertising managers, who have suddenly struck oil. One trade paper, I see, believes that the return of branded petrol has brought the biggest publicity campaign ever launched in the British press. When you consider that newspapers to-day are much smaller than before the war, the proportion of advertising space bought by the big oil companies is staggering. Last year, one estimate has it, more than a million pounds was spent by the oil companies on press advertising, most of it in preparation for this dash for freedom. This year, I presume, the total will be much bigger, for apart from the gusher that came in two weeks ago, there is bound to be intense competition when the summer motorists come on the market at the end of the quarter. It will be interesting to see what effect this bonanza has on the Fleet Street economy, which has been feeling the pinch in the last year. And it will be a good test of advertising techniques to watch whether the companies can persuade motorists to switch from the cheaper brand, and whether one company can outsell another with products that seem, to a fancy-free motorist like me, almost identical.

* * *

Beer and tobacco up, clothing and household goods down: I wonder what Mr. Butler will make of these Treasury reports on our spending habits when he comes to his Budget Speech? Last year, you recall, he told us that we would never miss the subsidies if only we drank and smoked a little less. Now, I imagine, we shall see him abolish the remaining subsidies on the

grounds that, if we can still afford to smoke and drink more, we can't complain if food prices go up again. I wonder if Mr. Butler understands the statistics he has just published? It is the man in the family who buys most of the beer and tobacco, and the woman who buys clothes, food and household goods. Simply put, these figures mean that men are spending more and women less. This seems to me like another piece of evidence for the explanation that Michael Young puts forward in the current *British Journal of Sociology*. Wages, he suggests, have risen much more than housekeeping allowances. Like other groups with relatively fixed incomes, it is the housewives who have borne the brunt of inflation, and are hit by the ending of controls and the cutting down of subsidies. No wonder it was possible to do away with sweets rationing. Sweets, in working-class homes at least, usually come out of the housekeeping money, and, after paying more for essential foods, there just isn't enough to spare. If the Housewives' League—where are the brickbats of yesteryear, ladies?—had any vitality left after its exhausting campaign against John Strachey, Maurice Webb and Edith Summerskill, it should find ample material in these statistics for a gentlewomanly demonstration against Mr. Butler.

* * *

I have been reading a manuscript written by an elderly man recently discharged from Wandsworth Prison. It contains a chapter on the "three-in-a-cell" system that must be one of the first accounts to be written from personal experience of what he calls "this disgusting and indefensible measure." (No one tries to defend it, so far as I know, least of all the Prison Commissioners, who condemn it year after year in their Report.) It is true, he says, that a minority of prisoners don't object to close confinement with two others, sharing smokes, library books, and talk; but "by putting three criminals in one cell for eighteen hours out of every twenty-four the authorities are providing them with opportunities for ganging-up and the practice of sundry perversions. When I was in Pentonville," he goes on, "I was in a single cell, and consequently subject to the silence rule: if I spoke a single word to the men in the cells on either side of me, I was liable to be punished. Yet in the same prison I spent several weeks in one of the abominable cells-for-three, where there was absolutely no restrictions on talking." Moreover, "the weather was sultry, and the single window was very high up—only two panes could be opened. In winter, they told me, the conditions were just bearable; in summer they are horrible, especially at night-time, when the atmosphere becomes nauseating." The one-man cell was once thought by the religious to offer an opportunity for repentance and reform, and by the Benthamites to be utilitarian, economical and sanitary. Prisons were built accordingly, and solitary confinement became the worst feature of our prison system. Crowding three men into each cell, however, is a step back towards the bad old "common gaols," the floor space per man being less even than it was then. Building prisons is never likely to be a popular measure, but today it is a very serious need.

* * *

The Times recently supported the contention of a number of distinguished artists and writers that studios are practically unobtainable in London today. For this reason I learned with surprise that the little group of studios where the canals meet in Maida Vale (described by the romantic as "London's Venice") are being pulled down, whereas it would have been easy for the Paddington Council to have developed this open space without destroying the central buildings. The result is a strange novelty. In a beautifully produced catalogue, complete with verses specially written by Christopher Fry, Feliks Topolski announces an exhibition of his pictures in his studio; they are all for sale along with his furniture and books. I called to look one day this week. The pictures are mainly a record of his Eastern travels. He is a bold man. Instead of staying at home with occasional visits to the Riviera to paint the obviously paintable he tries, in my view with considerable success, to portray the nature of the confused struggle of Asia. If you tell him that the critics regard him only as a talented journalist in painting, he replies that Goya and Daumier were also reporters.

* * *

The first-class boat train was just about to leave, and the photographers had been busy with several notabilities. A few moments before departure time a friend of mine noticed about twenty cameramen taking a series of pictures of a middle-aged lady. "Who is it?" he asked the nearest photographer. He did not know. "Why are you taking her picture, then?" asked my friend. "I saw all the others doing it," he replied. My friend put the same question to a second cameraman, and received a similar answer. "Someone started it, and none of us can afford to miss the picture if it's somebody important. I'll find out when the train has gone." This, I suppose, is a classic example of shooting first and asking questions afterwards. CRITIC

PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT . . .

Mr. Lyttelton admitted the chiefs . . . had a right to see the Queen . . . but regretted he had been unable to advise her to see the delegation.—News item.

A cat may look at a king, they say,
Rejoicing in the sight,
And liegemen claim they may do the same
By constitutional right;
But when Protectorates implore
The smile of royal grace,
They find between the stony screen
Of Mr. Lyttelton's face.

Whoever sits on the golden throne
Of this Imperial isle,
Sheds like the sun on everyone
The constitutional smile;
But if Crown Ministers advise
The smile is out of place,
Its rays they shroud in a thundercloud
Like Mr. Lyttelton's face.

When supplicants are not vouchsafed
The favour of the Crown,
The smile, they find, retires behind
The constitutional frown.
When potentates are not received,
As in the present case,
They must make do with a close-up view
Of Mr. Lyttelton's face.

That countenance of Tory cast,
Set like Gibraltar's rock,
Those features lank, that aspect blank
Gives a most unpleasant shock.
The visage of Conservatives
Bespeaks the ruling race,
Like the frozen stare and the angry glare
On Mr. Lyttelton's face.

Though tribal rulers are rebuffed,
To Treaty Rights they cling,
And the African chief maintains belief
That a cat may look at a king.
But native subjects understand
When Lyttelton is seen,
Though at Whitehall a cat may call
It cannot see the Queen.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Simple Heraldry cheerfully illustrated. It includes the armorials of all the Dominions, the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles, and Commander Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.—Book Advert. in *The New Statesman and Nation* (J. B.)

Coronation bonuses of a pound of sugar and ½lb of margarine were announced in the Commons yesterday by Dr. Charles Hill, Parliamentary Secretary, Food Ministry.

He said the bonus was being given "to help people celebrate in a traditionally festive spirit."—*Daily Mirror*. (Miss P. J. Moeller.)

No one can be found to live in a cottage—rent free, plus a £6-a-year pension—at Finedon, Northants. It must go to a "poor maiden of the parish who shall have lived in good reputation to the age of 40 years."—*News Chronicle*. (F. Hickman.)

The fact that a man was contemplating rejoining the Socialist Party might lower him in the estimation of a keen Conservative, Liberal, or Independent, but to amount to libel the words must tend to lower a plaintiff in the estimation of right-thinking members of society generally.—Law Report in *The Times*. (Wilfrid Fordham.)

When the Waters Go Down

MR. ALMA HATT, his sober municipal routine swept into a pattern of sleepless, blitz-like operations, is a symbol. He looks like a local government officer and is one—Clerk to Billericay Urban District Council; and like most harassed town, urban or rural council clerks down the coast from Lincolnshire to Kent, he is rising to the occasion.

As civil defence sub-controller for Canvey's flood area, Hatt and his tireless team are deploying emergency services one moment; laying on facilities for a cheerful Wilfred Pickles broadcast the next; mapping out where to deposit their homeless thousands and the tons of donated clothing; coping with press, newsreel, radio and television men; receiving the visit from Royalty, from the Lord Lieutenant, from the Minister and the Ministry official; itching, meanwhile, to get cracking with the fight against the floods; and glimpsing on the horizon the surging tide of arithmetic and administration that will swamp them as soon as the waters go down.

Very soon now, when the headlines ease off the dramatic "battle of the gaps," local government and the public services will be in the thick of a rehabilitation problem that will seep through every department from sewage to education. Last week, during a tour I made of flooded areas in Essex, municipal executives and technical experts of gas and electricity undertakings told me of the tasks facing them in the months ahead.

Take domestic appliances, for instance. Scorning what he calls "arty analysis," one seaside town's electrical engineer makes the point that resilient Canvey and Mablethorpe housewives, bless them, will not give a damn about their own "rehabilitation" so long as cookers are rehabilitated immediately, if not before, their flooded kitchens are drained of salt water. This, he adds, is going to prove a big task for the workshops; for now that families are moving back and the juice being turned on, cookers and heaters are needed not within days but minutes.

What's the damage, I ask, when water soaks into hot plates, elements, gas pokers and so on? It can be disastrous, he says. Repairs to electric and gas cookers, fires, irons, washing machines and refrigerators, not to mention outside cables, pipes, meters, electricity sub-stations and 'phones, are certain to be colossal. An electric cooker submerged days on end, for instance, must be "stripped" right down; putting it back in shape won't run to less than a fiver, maybe nearer ten. Mending fuses? Will that be a big job? The engineer gave me a look of courteous pity; later, outside the office, his clerk told me that I had dropped a brick. Fuses? Why, every single fuse in every box in several thousand coastal houses will need inspecting, drying, or renewing, or all the lot. That, he says, won't be the only headache. Entire houses will need rewiring; four of his sub-stations are out completely; his high-voltage has to be got working again; one of his linemen is precariously using climbing irons from a rowing boat; all the hire-purchase appliances may tip out a pretty problem; routine maintenance and spit-and-polish will just have to go by the board; and Heaven knows who will cope with the records and clerical side of it.

I left him to it and drove over to Clacton, where Mr. Charlie Hearn, Clerk to the Urban Council, has had the Jaywick tragedy keeping him and his staff and numerous councillors awake most of the week. At Jaywick the bungalows and bus stops hourly rise, inch by inch, from the cold salt lake which encircles and occupies the whole estate. It all looks stern and lonely. A helmeted policeman, incongruous sight, is standing up in a rowing boat manned by a white-haired oarsman; they are the only figures to be seen on the streets of water, and both peer grimly into the depths as they slowly paddle and pause and paddle again, up and down.

Back at the Town Hall; Mr. Hearn is worrying mainly about the long-term business of housing his refugees. Managers of big hotels had responded magnificently—seventy rooms here, a hundred there; but that could last only a few days. Now, a fine gesture from a caravan camp, offering holiday caravans with all their facilities ("we place them unreservedly at your disposal") will solve, for a while, the housing of about 250 Jaywick people. Some of the bungalows and lightly built two-storey houses were literally rooted out of their foundations.

Farther up the coast a man from a borough finance department ("I just rowed a boat on the Sunday night") somewhat gloomily discusses the all-over picture of repairs and rehousing. Look at the Lynmouth business, he says. For roads and bridges alone their estimate was around £350,000, with a total for all public services, salvage and so on, of £3-4 millions. This official is incredibly good at remembering the figures and he knows it. He informs me there were about 850 personal claims averaging £50 a head; there were less than a hundred houses destroyed. He points with his finger, as if Lynmouth could be seen in the distance, and the lesson emerges. Work it out for yourself, he goes on . . . along the coast, 250,000 acres inundated, 20,000 homes affected, 30,000 people evacuated. Towns with large numbers of uninhabitable houses will find themselves facing a loss in rates; "Don't forget," he said, "that many councils have been minimising rates increases since the war by digging into their balances, which are now at rock-bottom. The floods rehousing bill may have to take in such items as temporary prefabs, and with some councils, rebuilding may have to include stronger, costlier foundations than before."

An engineer's assistant joins us. One big job, he thinks, aside from the sea defences themselves, may well be road trouble. Once the area is drained and dry and engineers and their staffs begin poking at road surfaces, it's probable that some of the more extensive gashing in some districts may make mere repair impossible; in short, road stretches may just have to be pulled up and relaid.

"And another thing," he added, "if it's at all possible they ought to keep heavy traffic off the worst-affected areas as long as necessary. Roads are tough and sensitive at one and the same time. You can flood them and dry them out again and they'll not be any the worse for it. But shove heavy lorries (over 5 tons) across them soon after flooding of this kind, and if the actual road foundation has been weakened you'll just be asking for trouble."

After the storm, the statistics. It won't be long before the great accounting, and the accounting squabbles, get going. Meanwhile, the flood refugees of Canvey, Jaywick, Sutton, Mablethorpe and the rest of the drowned and lacerated coast do the best they can to wring themselves out and look cheerful, aided by local officials who strive, under real burdens, to stay human. In their memories of the great flood they'll doubtless treasure just one among the thousands of telegrams which flashed the nation's shock and sympathy. It was sent to Housing Minister Macmillan as soon as the Commons had finished discussing whether to requisition houses for the homeless. It was a heartfelt plea for "fair play" by the Requisitioned Property Owners' Association. A general appeal (they said) to the "Christian instincts of the British people" would be more "satisfactory" than requisitioning homes for flood victims. The associated Requisitioned Property Owners, needless to stress, felt the utmost sympathy for flood victims, "as indeed we had during the war when our members' houses *were compulsorily requisitioned.*" My italics, as they say.

WAYNE MINEAU

Essex Coast.

Oradour and Alsace

On June 10, 1944, the *Führer* Battalion of the S.S. *Reich* Division attacked the village of Oradour near Limoges, and practically the whole population was massacred. It was not the only atrocity of its kind committed by the Nazis in France, but it was the largest and most famous of their massacres, and "Oradour" became a byword of German bestiality in every French mind.

For all that, none of the generals and officers directly responsible for the butchery is in the dock of the Bordeaux trial; and the French demand addressed to the British and American authorities in Germany for the extradition of at least S.S. General Lammerding has come up against a red-tape curtain of juridical and political considerations. The twenty men in the dock—rank-and-file S.S. men—who were "present" at Oradour on the day of the massacre were tried under the French law of September 15, 1948, loosely described as the law of "collective responsibility." In reality, there is nothing in the law to make the assumption of collective guilt or responsibility automatic, the law specifying only that in war crimes committed collectively by a group belonging to an organisation declared criminal by the international military court (of Nuremberg) all the individuals belonging to this group "*may* be considered co-authors of the crime, unless they can prove their forced enrolment in the group or their non-participation in the crime." This law, passed unanimously by the French Assembly, was based on the decisions of the Nuremberg Court which, considering the innumerable crimes committed by the S.S. and the Gestapo, reversed the usual principle of innocence, and not guilt, being assumed.

Jurists will argue *ad infinitum* on the rights and wrongs of the Nuremberg decisions in this matter, decisions on which the *Lex Oradour* (as the Germans like to call the French law of September 15, 1948) is based. But in France today the whole problem has, in connection with the Bordeaux trial, given rise to some painful and pathetic, rather than angry controversies, and last week this law of 1948 was drastically amended by the National Assembly by 364 votes to 188, despite many arguments to the effect that it was contrary to all traditions for the legislature to step in at the time when a legal action was in progress.

But the debate at the Assembly was inspired by two sets of considerations. On the one hand, there were the few remaining survivors of the horrible butchery of Oradour and the friends and relatives of the dead—and indeed the whole population of the Limousin—who, for more than eight years, had been waiting for justice to be done. On the other hand there was Alsace, where a strong feeling had been worked up by the fact that among the S.S. men being tried at Bordeaux there were thirteen Alsatians, of whom eleven or twelve had not joined the S.S. battalion in question "voluntarily" but had been drafted into it "under compulsion," Alsace having in 1940 been simply annexed by the Reich, and compulsory conscription to the Wehrmacht having been fully extended to Alsace in 1942. To the people of the Limousin, these arguments did not make much appeal. If there were Alsatians amongst the S.S. murderers of Oradour, they weren't really better than any of the others; if they had been, they would have deserted, or "done something," and not just "attended" the massacre.

All the Alsatian deputies who spoke in the debate—with the one exception of Marcel Rosenblatt, a Communist—dwelt (many thought even rather excessively) on the undying devotion of Alsace for France, of Alsace's "terrible sufferings" under Nazi annexation, and on the fact that 25,000 young Alsatians, enrolled in the Wehrmacht, had lost their lives. To put the twelve Alsatians "forcibly drafted into the S.S." in the same dock as the German S.S. was an outrage to Alsace as a loyal member of the French community, and some even argued that if the "Oradour Law" was not revised or repealed, it would cause irreparable damage to those feelings of loyalty for France that had become so happily consolidated amongst all Alsatians since 1945. Whether it was merely out of loyalty to France or (as some cynics said) whether they were not at all anxious to be sent to Russia on the eve of the Wehrmacht's Stalingrad disaster, it is true that some 12,000 Alsatians managed, between September and December, 1942, to desert, escape or dodge in some other way their service in the Wehrmacht. But the control of man-power in Alsace got stiffer, and soon it became almost impossible for Alsatians to evade it.

On what principle exactly Alsatians were drafted into the Waffen-S.S. was one of the points left singularly obscure in the debate, and the following argument used by M. Joseph Wasmer, one of the Alsatian deputies, who tried to show that this enrolment of Alsatians in the S.S. was the most "devilish" of all German tricks played on his countrymen, did not convince everybody:

> To put a stop to the numerous escapes amongst Alsatians—for the Germans had put the Alsatians in the midst of the most fanatical of all German troops, the S.S. . . . But to the people of Alsace, it is intolerable that this inclusion of their sons in the S.S.—a measure which for the men concerned, was the worst kind of martyrdom—should now be treated as a crime against France.

Was it the worst kind of martyrdom? During

the long weeks of the Bordeaux trial, very few words were uttered by any of the Alsatians to show that that was really the case; the presiding judge expressed on a number of occasions his amazement at the lack of emotion and guilt shown by the accused, including the Alsatians.

But in French political quarters—as the Assembly vote showed—it was of great importance not to allow the identification of the Alsatians with the German S.S.-men to be exploited against France, no matter what the personal record of the men concerned, and whether they could, or could not, prove that they had been "forced" into the S.S. There was certainly a strong feeling—voiced by the accused themselves—that the chief culprits were cheerfully living in Western Germany and that it was only the small fry who had to answer for the crime of Oradour.

It was therefore decided, in the revised version of the *Lex Oradour* to exempt the Alsatians of any kind of "collective guilt" or even "assumption of collective responsibility," and to try them on a different basis. Yet, to any impartial observer, it is difficult to dismiss the presence of the Alsatians in the S.S. by the easy argument that they were "forced into it." There is such a thing as Alsatian psychology, and it has been very thoroughly analysed by M. Frédéric Hoffet in his book, the *Psychoanalysis of Alsace*, in which he stresses the extreme complexity of the Alsatian character, formed by that small country's unenviable geographical position and chequered history.

Examining the special case of Oradour, M. Hoffet says that it is surprising that not a single one of the Alsatians should have rebelled at the time against the Oradour horrors, or at least tried to escape. He also asks whether they were really so unhappy in the S.S.

> Alsace is certainly the most military of French provinces. More than 20 per cent. of French Generals are Alsatians, and Alsatians have always done some of the hardest fighting in the French Army. Was this pure patriotism? Maybe; and yet behind this French patriotism, there were certain Germanic instincts and traditions. Like the German, the Alsatian has an excessive sense of discipline and blind obedience. It is these atavistic German qualities which, I think, explain the absence of those reflexes which in the case of Frenchmen, would have inevitably worked in a situation like Oradour. . . . Without wishing to accuse them of anything in particular, I can still imagine that, to certain Alsatians, in virtue of these atavistic instincts, the S.S., with all its Germanic barbarity, must have presented certain attractions.

But that the Alsatians are apt to be "Germanic" and much more tough than the average Frenchman is illustrated by M. Hoffet by his assertion that when, in Indo-China, Tunisia or Madagascar, a particular "tough" job has to be done, the French command prefers to call on Alsatian units.

Writing before the Assembly vote on the *Lex Oradour*, M. Hoffet argues in favour of its revision; for one thing, he says, it is to play into the hands of Adenauer's Germany to lump the Germans and the Alsatians together; the Germans might well, some day, speak of their "joint martyrdom". Germany has always had a profound influence on Alsace, especially when it was strong. Placed by geography between Germany and France, the Alsatian has tended to respect the side that seemed strongest at the time, and already German propaganda is doing its utmost to impress Alsace with the economic progress Germany has made since the war—a progress greater than that made by France. One of the deeper reasons for the Assembly vote revising the *Lex Oradour* is the fear lest, by putting Germans and Alsatians in the same dock, Germany may not use this in future years as an argument for proving that Germany and Alsace are in the same boat.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Leopard Spots?

"TELL me," said the American General, "do you approve of our Western way of dealing with Germany?"

"Well, sir," said the undergraduate after a moment's thought, "it all depends on whether you mean 1946 or 1952."

This little dialogue was related to me by a professor who happened to be present when the General inspected Bonn University; its significance is that the student was seriously trying to face the facts, as most Germans do when viewing the last six or seven years. For some time now, most of them have been readily admitting that, once Hitler let them in for a world war, it was a pity that he had to bungle it. In the ensuing chaos, they concede, it was quite natural that they should be treated like naughty boys; after all, they were the losers. To-day, since world politics have worked that way, they find it just as natural that, as a nation, they should be taken out of the corner and sent to the top of the form. The individual German regards this national metamorphosis with astonishing equanimity, being almost invariably and entirely concerned with what he and his family may stand to gain or lose from any change in the political situation.

* * *

I came to Germany, last month, prepared for signs of "National Re-awakening" and jingoism. They exist, of course: long before the arrest of Naumann and his friends, everyone knew that Nazi elements were infiltrating all the Right-wing parties—not to speak of more spectacular ex-Stormtrooper rallies, in, say, Lower Saxony, which have made headlines abroad—bigger headlines than in Germany. Yet I do not believe that such manifestations, disquieting though they are, represent, as yet, the mood of the nation, certainly not that of the younger generation. To them, patriotic emotionalism makes little appeal. For example, in Bonn, most of the famous clubs of the *Korps-Studenten*, such as the Bonn *Borussia*—the German equivalent of the Old School Tie—have been resuscitated in all their ancient glory, complete with the traditionally regimented beer-drinking, sing-songs, and even the duelling. But the initiative for this resuscitation has come entirely from the *alte Herren*, who are evidently delighted by it themselves, to say nothing of their eagerness to inspire the young generation in the traditions of their own youth. Yet, when speaking to the recipients of such inspiration, time and again I got the same somewhat cynically amused explanation: might be as well to humour the old boys, so why spoil their fun? They were paying for it, after all; might be useful contacts for the future too, and get one a good job in one of their works.

* * *

Such opportunism being rather commonplace to-day in Germany, I went to look for those who have a vested interest in the future German army. There, if anywhere, I thought, I should find those danger-signs I was worrying about. So I went straight into the lion's den—the "Bureau Blank." That mysterious War Office seems rather bulkier than the one in Whitehall; but since, officially, it is not yet in existence, it is still carrying its enormous machinery and spreading its huge office space under the quaint title of the *Bundeskanzler's* "Office for Questions relating to the Augmentation of the Allied Forces." In the innumerable corridors of this strictly unofficial Ministry, one notes the ramrod-like appearance of men looking strangely incongruous in mufti, yet carefully addressing one another as *Herr* Müller and *Herr* Schulze.

The man I went to see was of this brand; but he was the finest (somewhat old-fashioned) type of German aristocrat. There could be no doubt about his anti-Nazism either; he was the officer who, on a now historic occasion in 1943, had made the most careful preparations to blow himself to smithereens along with the Führer—an attempt from which Hitler was saved by an odd chance which upset his time-table that afternoon. I found this officer to be highly intelligent too, well read and with a sense of humour. I did not have to labour the reasons why many people are against German rearmament; he knew them all. "I wish I could be against it myself," he said with a smile; and I could not doubt his sincerity when he added that a nation (he thought) must have the right to defend itself when attacked. There seemed no point in arguing with him about the causes and effects of the political questions involved; after all, the man was a soldier, and he continued to explain his own departmental duties in trying to create what is called *der neue Geist* in the new army—a minimum of spit and polish, and a maximum of education in civic responsibilities. It sounded very fine; and when I voiced my apprehensions that the New Model army might become a breeding ground for yet another epoch of German jingoism, the answer was that the average German, these days, could not possibly be roused that way; all he yearned for was to get and to preserve a flatlet with kitchenette and bath.

* * *

True enough; and that gives Europe a breathing space. The question is "How long?"

Why is it that while Germany in the seven years after the collapse in 1918, produced remarkable creative efforts in music, literature, the arts, architecture and a good many other fields—why is it that the seven years since 1945 have been so barren artistically? I have been discussing this question with German publishers, stage producers, and art dealers, and others who have a vested interest in the sparks of creative genius. The answer seems to be that, after 1918, while there was an economic mess, there was also a social upheaval or, at any rate, the promise of a "brave, new world"—enough to act as an inspiration. Moreover, in the 1920's, people, after all, still had a roof over their heads, they had their lavatories, and even bathrooms. But after 1945 there was only collapse and no upheaval; there was bickering and fear, rather than promise and hope; and there were millions of roofless homes. It is lack of the most primitive creature comforts which

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has made the post-war Germans conscious of them to such a degree as to shape the national character—certainly to such a degree as to provide precisely the same answer to the militarist in search of patriotic emotionalism and to the publisher in search of creative genius. Will this obsession with creature comforts work a lasting change, or will the old spots someday reappear on the leopard's skin?

HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Fellowship of Sport

"LOOK," Malloy said, "I knew you wouldn't mind. The German wants to come out with us. I thought it would be all right with you?"

"Why not?" Ralph said. The German stood a little apart from the others, looking awkward. He was a huge blond caricature of a German from a post-war Italian film, white-skinned with an ugly fever-rash of sunburn on his chest and shoulders. Ralph went over to him and said "Buenos dias." They all spoke Spanish, more or less. The German held out a hand with big, blunt fingers and said, "Gunter." Malloy, who was a Californian, slapped him on the back and said, "Hi there, Gunter, que tal?"

They all went down to help Lorenzo get the boat into the water. There were two Frenchmen who had canoed all the way from Marseilles, living on the fish they caught. They were black and hairy, half-deaf from the diving, and dazed from too much sun and water. The other members of the party were two Spaniards from Valencia, who were Government officials in one of the agricultural syndicates. These men, Gonzalez and Letrel, had the faces of minor figures in an El Greco picture. They took their sport like warfare, planning their actions with cold precision, suffering reverses with fortitude, accepting occasional victories with a subdued and melancholy satisfaction. All the party were staying at the fonda in the village which charged only sixty-five pesetas for the pension because there were no amenities of any kind. No one ever went to San Pedro unless they wanted to fish round the island. The bus which had brought Gunter on the previous day was a *discrecional*, and sportsmen who relied on it to get back to Tarragona sometimes found their stay in San Pedro lasting quite a few days more than they bargained for.

Lorenzo got the aged single-cylinder engine started and they moved out from the beach heading for the island. When they arrived there was a slight swell running. The big red rock was foam-laced at the sea-edge and they could hear the rumble and suck of the water swinging in and out of the half-submerged caves.

Lorenzo pulled the plug terminal off to stop the engine, got out the long oars, twisted their cords over the rowlocks and began to row. The Frenchmen were in the water before the Spaniards had half finished their preparations, which they carried out with solemn detachment. Within two minutes one of the Frenchmen broke surface with a sting-ray on his harpoon. Lorenzo pulled the ray into the boat, chopped off its sting, and left the fish to leap and flap in blood and light. The other Frenchman came up with a small sea-perch neatly transfixed. It was clear that nothing was beneath their contempt. Now the Spaniards slid quietly down into the water and disappeared with a wave of flippers and a swirl. They were only interested in the big sea-bass, for which they would hunt with science and method, diving to great depths and searching under all the big rocks.

Ralph and Malloy followed them into the water. It was clear and cold, and beneath the surface it was coloured, like pale sherry, from the weed decomposing in the shallows. Ralph had the luck to spot a fine golden rock-fish, of the kind the Spanish insist on calling a sea-crow. It was nosing out from under a boulder at a depth of about thirty-five feet—too far down to be comfortable, he thought. He dived, wondering whether he could possibly get down so far. The fish was a beauty, a five or six pounder. The lead belt carried him down pretty fast, and just as he got within shooting distance the fish swam into the open, giving him a perfect target. He got it just behind the head and went back to the surface with splitting ear-drums, reeling-in as he went. The fish was coming up beneath him through the yellow water. It was turning slowly on the harpoon, as big as a golden salver, with a wonderful rippling dorsal-fin, spread out like a sail. Lorenzo's red face came out over the side of the boat above him. "Estupendo," he said. Ralph hauled himself, exhausted, into the boat.

In the meanwhile the Frenchmen had been littering the bottom of the boat with all kinds of marine curiosities, and Malloy had caught a good-sized perch. The Spaniards were still out, scouring the depths of the sea, and finally Gonzalez spotted a seventy-five pound bass under a rock. The fish backed away out of sight, and while Letrel held his flippers so that he could haul him out again, Gonzalez who was the thinner of the two, half-swam and half-crawled under the rock and shot the fish. Feeling the harpoon, the fish went back even further and wedged itself in a corner, expanding the muscles behind its gills in such a way that nothing would ever get it out alive. This was the manœuvre always adopted by such fish, and Gonzalez, who had expected it, cut loose the harpoon and tied the cord round a heavy rock. He and Letrel then swam back to the boat and left the fish in its retreat. And there it would remain throughout the day and night, struggling with tremendous will to live and twisting the harpoon in itself like a piece of wire. Sometime towards dawn it would die, and then later in the day Lorenzo would bring Gonzalez out again.

Back in the boat they were all in high spirits after the good sport. Malloy lent Gunter his gear and they watched the water tear the white body into scattered reflections as he went down. "You know," Malloy said, "the last war seems kind of remote to me. Maybe we weren't in it to the same extent—well, anyway, as far as Europe goes. What I mean to say is I don't seem to be able to work up any excitement these days about Germans. Do you get what I mean?"

Gunter came up without anything and climbed back into the boat. Gonzalez got out a thermos of coffee with brandy and some bakelite cups. They all had some and Gonzalez raised his cup. "Gentlemen, to the international fellowship of sport," he said.

"The only true fellowship," said Letrel sadly.

Malloy said, "You're absolutely right there."

After the coffee was finished, Gonzalez filled up the cups from the bottle of Fundador, and the feeling of international solidarity soon became even stronger. Gunter's apologetic manner was beginning to wear off, and the Frenchmen's faces were set in dazed smiles. Someone asked Gunter where he came from, and when he said Hamburg there was a sympathetic shaking of heads.

When Lorenzo went to start the engine, something had gone wrong. It was magneto trouble he said, and they would have to row over to Perelada to get it fixed. They argued good-naturedly about who would take first turn at the extra pair of oars.

Perelada was reached in under the hour and Lorenzo went ashore and came back with the mechanic. In five minutes the mechanic had the magneto stripped down. He said, "Would someone mind turning the engine over, slowly," and Gunter, who had been daubing oil on his sun-burns, put down the bottle and went over to crank the engine. As he did so the mechanic looked up and saw him for the first time. "Me cago en—Hombre! Is it really you?" he said.

The German shook his head in a puzzled way and looked round quickly at the other members of the party as if eager to defend himself against some unspoken charge. The mechanic flushed and mumbled something and bent down over the magneto again. When the job was finished and the engine started, Lorenzo asked, "Shall we try the outer rocks now, or do you want to go back to the island again?" Gonzalez said, "If no one objects we might as well be getting back." The Frenchmen looked surprised but said nothing, and nothing much was said by anyone before they reached San Pedro.

They all helped Lorenzo get the boat up, and then Gonzalez and Letrel went off before the others up towards the hotel. It was four hours before Ralph saw them again, and they had brought back in their car with them a pair of civil guards stationed at San Benet, who had been out on patrol when the car arrived. It was a really amazing chance that the *discrecional* should have come and gone and taken Gunter away with it.

At dinner that night they could talk of nothing else. "As soon as Gonzalez saw that the mechanic knew him he got the idea," Malloy explained. "All these fellows were Reds in their civil war. Even Lorenzo was a Red. Besides, he told us he had never been in Spain before."

"You mean he must have been in the International Brigade?" Ralph asked.

"Just that," Malloy said, "Exactly that. Well, I'll be a son of a gun. Can you imagine it? I thought the guy was just another Kraut, and what does he turn out to be?—why, a Red."

NORMAN LEWIS

The Arts and Entertainment

GREEK DRAMA

SINCE seeing Mr. Wolfit's production of the two Oedipus plays I have been reading several translations of the *Oedipus Rex* and comparing them with Mr. E. F. Watling's,* the one used at the King's, Hammersmith. I find that Mr. Watling comes out of the comparison extremely well. Needless to say, no translation can be satisfactory, and it is now accepted as a truism that each generation must make its own translations afresh. No language is so dead as yesterday's poeticisms, as I found when I turned first to Gilbert Murray's version. Undoubtedly Gilbert Murray did much to keep alive the Greek Drama three or four decades ago; and his verse turns out to be much less scented than the reaction against it used to suggest. But the rhymed couplet which he chose as his form is about as inappropriate today as a metre could be. It was probably never very suitable for Sophocles; it meant a frequent padding out of one or one and a half lines into two, and it is in these faked corners that the dust of verbiage has collected and given a tired, faded air to his version. The choruses tend to the Swinburnean, and in the dialogue there are too many flat couplets like:

PRIEST: At point of time thou speakest. Mark the cheer
Yonder. Is that not Creon drawing near?

* *Sophocles: The Theban Plays.* Translated by E. F. WATLING. *Penguin Books.* 2s.

OEDIPUS: O Lord Apollo, help! and be the star
That guides him joyous as his seemings are.
PRIEST: Oh! surely joyous! How else should he bear
That fruited laurel wreathed about his hair.

It is not uninteresting to use this admittedly not particularly important passage as a yardstick of comparison. In Sir John Sheppard's version (1922) it is no less flat, perhaps better for being unhampered by the rhyme, though the inversions and archaisms of the structure are unnecessarily "poetical":

PRIEST: Good words and seasonable. In good time—
Look! my companions tell me Creon comes.
OEDIPUS: O King Apollo as his looks are glad
So may he bring us glad and saving fortune.
PRIEST: I think he bears us good. Else were his head
Not thus enwreathed, thick with clustered laurel.

W. B. Yeats wrote a prose version for the Dublin players in 1928; it was this text which the Old Vic used when Sir Laurence Olivier played Oedipus. Here is the same passage in the Yeats version.

PRIEST: You have spoken at the right time. They have just signalled to us that Creon has arrived.
OEDIPUS: O King Apollo, may he bring brighter fortune,
For his face is shining.
PRIEST: He brings good news for he is crowned with bay.

That, anyhow, is direct enough but Mr. Watling's translation surely has advantages over all these:

PRIEST: Well said. And look! They are making signs
That Creon is on his way. Yes. He is here!
OEDIPUS: And with smiling face! O Apollo! If his news is good!
PRIEST: It must be good; his head is crowned with bay
Full-berried; that is a sign.

Now this, it seems to me, has two overriding virtues, considered strictly as a version for a modern audience. It is much more dramatic than any of the others, the contemporary poetic convention allowing lines to be broken up (whereas the earlier conventions were anodyne in their effect of running on and on); and, secondly, it points the business about the bay-wreath with berries on it, where all the other versions conceal the point because they assume it to be as well known to the audience as it was to them. Mr. Watling's translation is filled with really helpful but unobtrusive aids of this kind. And the result is that it will give many spectators who go to Hammersmith the feeling that they understand Greek Drama as never before. The clash of wills between Tiresias and the King, and between the King and Creon, and the examination of the witnesses (for that is how the scene with the shepherds comes out), these, in this version, provide recognisable drama of the kind we are accustomed to finding in Shakespearian and post-Shakespearian plays.

It is arguable, on the other hand, that this was in no way the aim of the Greek Drama, that it is rather an accidental of this particular play and that emphasis on it can only be at the expense of what is most valued by the purists—the poetic (and perhaps the religious) truth at the heart of the Greek play. The *Oedipus Coloneus*, lying at the other extreme, for instance, offers almost nothing to those who want the kind of satisfactions which modern drama gives. Indeed, it is hard to see what we nowadays can get from it, except purely incidental points of interest. I, myself, for instance, had the vaguest recollection of the play left over from schooldays which had figured it as being all on the calm note of resigned old age in an almost pastoral setting. So I was interested and surprised at the violence and vehemence of the old King's denunciation of Creon and his curses on his son. Here, too, Mr. Watling makes the action, such as it is, lucidly clear. But here more than ever one feels the need for poetry. Both Mr. Watling's translations are, by the way, in verse, but that is not the same thing. The part of the chorus is, one supposes, particularly important in the second play and the translation has not quite brought the choruses off.

The chorus in a Greek play is anyhow one of the main stumbling blocks for a modern English audience. When this role is a religious one of praising or praying, we are left out; when they are representing, as they often seem to be doing, the reaction of the average man to the great events which are taking place, they too often strike us as platitudinous to the point of the ridiculous. As a reaction to Oedipus's self-blinding, moderation seems singularly inadequate in whichever of the versions, whether Watling's "Yet to my thinking this act was ill-advised," or Gilbert Murray's: "How shall I hold this council of thy mind True," or Sheppard's "In this I know not how to call thee wise."

Yeats wisely omits the line altogether; indeed the great strength of his version of *Oedipus* is the boldness with which he shortens and cuts. Otherwise I was surprised to find his version disappointing. It was written, he tells us in a preface, "to be sung and spoken. The one thing I kept in mind was that a word unfitted for living speech out of its natural order, or unnecessary to our modern technique, would check emotion and tire attention." By that standard the translation has already dated; its mixture of archaism and what at the time may have seemed a daring plainness gives it now a feeling of quaintness which holds one up, rather than the intended feeling of ease. And it strikes me in comparison with Mr Watling's as distinctly undramatic. It is, as one would expect, in the choruses that the version tells, though there again the poet takes complete license; his poems are far from translations, they are brief equivalents.

That the version still works everyone will agree who remembers the Old Vic production. But the fact is that the play itself is unique in Greek Drama both in its structure and in the universality of its subject. It is probable that the rest of Greek Drama will soon be dead to us (except "for educational purposes" which is only a sort of death in life). But the *Oedipus Rex* not only gives us the first taste of the kind of thing which we now mean by drama; it also embodies, however crudely by our standards, a myth that lies at the very heart of our human condition.

T. C. WORSLEY

ORPHEUS

GLUCK'S *Orfeo*, now approaching its bicentenary, is the oldest opera of the international repertory; and, partly for that reason, it is not easy to perform. The difficulty is not the usual one of vocal virtuosity. Though Orpheus began life as a castrato, his music is almost devoid of florid passages, and he always does very well in the person of a handsome contralto—far better, indeed, than as the high tenor for which Gluck rewrote the part in Paris. The minor roles are also relatively easy to cast. The real difficulty is in the staging: that is to say, in the dancing, mime, decor and general emotional temperature of the production. The modern German solution, as seen at Salzburg and Glyndebourne—expressionism, with a lurid Inferno and writhings *à la* Ballet Jooss—is quite out of keeping with Gluck and Calzabigi, his librettist. Covent Garden does better, but not so well as we had hoped.

We have in England all the ingredients of a first-rate revival: a fine classical ballet, a choreographer-producer of undoubtedly musical gifts (Frederick Ashton) and a highly talented stage designer (the lamented Sophie Fedorovitch), as well as Sir John Barbirolli, a good orchestra and chorus, adequate secondary singers—and, above all, Kathleen Ferrier, an Orpheus whom for dignity and nobility it would be hard to match in the world. Of all these gifted people, only Miss Ferrier fully realised our expectations. Otherwise, there were many lovely sounds and handsome sights; yet the heart of the matter was not there. Although the opera is a short one, and although Miss Ferrier was highly applauded, people began to consult their watches and to declare, regretfully, that perhaps Gluck was a back number after all. I do not think that they are right, or that Gluck's masterpiece will be forgotten until the whole language of music has radically and permanently altered. Of course, *Orpheus* has some weak patches, and a trivially cheerful (though brief) conclusion. But the rest of it, and above all the second act, is filled with music of sublime simplicity and beauty which, given a worthy presentation of the myth, can draw tears from a stone. What weakens the present revival is the coldness of *mise-en-scène* and production.

Because the opera deals with a classical subject and ranks as a classic, it has been mounted and produced in what I can best describe as a marble way. The marble is not that of Alma-Tadema, but it is the modern austere equivalent of Alma-Tadema. The centre of the stage is occupied by a sort of permanent grandstand, on which the chorus stand in stolid tiers, leaving the foreground free for the dancers and soloists. Except for that of the boy-god Amor (who wore a full-length skirt), the costumes were beautiful and appropriate, especially Miss Ferrier's; and when the curtain rose on the first act the restrained colour-scheme of blue, steel-grey and white made a noble effect. The tableau was somewhat marred, it is true, by a gigantic lyre, and this motif was repeated in Elysium by three gigantic harps. There is something about these large-scale but insubstantial objects, in themselves well designed, which carries a fatal whiff from the world of advertising: we are reminded of the outside of Selfridges, or of the giant bottles and tyres which adorn the *autostrade* of Italy.

Nevertheless, the first act was visually most impressive; and the underworld was also reasonably effective, although the flames of hell struck a note that was more Hebrew than Greek. It was in the all-important scene in Elysium that the stage presentation really began to founder. Apart from the exchange of the outsize lyre for the three outsize harps, Elysium proved indistinguishable from Thrace. There was the same grandstand with its choral tiers, the same cold, hard lighting, the same sky with the same cyclorama clouds moving more slowly across it. Yet the French version of the marvellous arioso of Orpheus begins with the words "Quel nouveau ciel"; and the orchestra paints, in Einstein's words, "an unearthly landscape . . . a limitless expanse, a strangeness, an endless bliss and endless melancholy." The flute solo, than which no more beautiful elegiac melody has ever been written, is used at Covent Garden to accompany a dance of display (in itself, excellent) by a ballerina with a stuffed dove pinned to her wrist.

I doubt whether, even for 1953, all this can be the right way to interpret the composer's intentions. "What Gluck was aiming at," to quote Professor Dent, "and what has made his opera immortal, was truth of emotion and intensity of feeling. . . . The return to antiquity was intended to be a return to nature." Intensity of feeling, it may be recalled, was just the quality which Bernard Shaw praised in the Covent Garden performances of 1890, which were wretchedly staged but had the inestimable benefit of Giulia Ravogli as Orpheus.

> Ah, that heart-searching pantomime, saturated with feeling . . . as Orfeo came into those Elysian Fields, and stole from shade to shade, trying to identify by his sense of touch the one whom he was forbidden to seek with his eyes! Flagrant ballet-girls all these shades were; but it did not matter: Giulia awakened in us the power by which a child sees a living being in a rag doll. Even the première danseuse was transfigured to a possible Euridice as Giulia's hand, trembling with a restrained caress, passed over her eyes!

I quote this passage, not to suggest that a particular passage of mime, however expressive, should be eternalised as though in a D'Oyly Carte production of Gilbert and Sullivan, but because it illustrates precisely the qualities of pathos and human emotion which are lacking, and to all appearances scarcely aimed at, in the present revival.

But do not be deterred by these words from seeing the Covent Garden *Orpheus*. Adele Leigh

WHITE HARVEST

IN many countries salt is still made by the simple process of running sea-water into large shallow ponds and allowing it to evaporate in the heat of the sun. The rate at which sea-water evaporates depends mainly on the amount of sunlight which it absorbs, but in normal circumstances much of the sun's heat is lost by reflection from the surface and bottom of the pond. It has been found, however, that if certain dyestuffs are added to the water more sunlight is absorbed and the rate of evaporation can be increased without affecting the colour of the salt.

An enquiry from a customer using a dyestuff for this purpose led I.C.I. to carry out a large number of tests, which ultimately resulted in the marketing of "Solivap" Green—a dye outstanding in both light-fastness and the power to absorb radiation, and thus the most satisfactory for speeding-up evaporation. Practical trials at the Osborne salt works of I.C.I. Australia and New Zealand Ltd. showed that the use of "Solivap" Green in the final evaporation ponds increased the yield of salt by 20% and correspondingly decreased production costs.

Today, "Solivap" Green is helping to increase salt production in countries as far afield as Africa, Australia, Brazil and India.

ICI

sings well as Amor, and Veronica Dunne, though a little ill at ease in the Happy Shade song, is a highly creditable Eurydice; moreover, the third act scene between her and Orpheus is staged with real imagination. In "Che faro" Miss Ferrier was not rushed so abominably as by Fritz Stiedry at Glyndebourne; but on the first night she was rushed a little, none the less. Sir John Barbirolli obtained expressive singing from the chorus, but failed to draw from the orchestra all the murmuring beauty of the accompaniment to "Che puro ciel!" Between them, however, Gluck and Miss Ferrier have provided us with an evening of calm and memorable pleasure. There is more in *Orfeo ed Euridice* than that which here emerges; but what emerges is already much.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Long Pants," at the National Film Theatre
"Cosh Boy," at the London Pavilion

THERE's no choice in the matter: you must—if you live in or anywhere near London—pay a subscription (very modest) to the British Film Institute. Once again, their choice has put all other films in the shade. The rediscovery, this time, is Harry Langdon, whose *Long Pants* was "trailed" with a scene in their Christmas programme. He caught—more than caught—the attention then, a possible third among those comedians of the golden age, the first two not needing mention. Here he is, now, at full length and—one's delighted to find—full strength: worth going any number of miles to see. And the strange thing, so far as I am concerned, is that I don't remember ever having seen him in his day, though all the other comics down to Ben Turpin and Fatty Arbuckle still flickeringly haunt me. Perhaps he arrived a little late? 1926-7 is given as the date of his three full-length films, *Tramp Tramp Tramp*, *The Strong Man*, and *Long Pants*. He is stated to have become enormously popular in a moment, then to have disappeared as quickly. Mr. Frank Capra, who worked in conjunction with him on these films, describes him as "the most tragic figure I ever came across in show business." Women and highbrows, the inability to grow up, seem to have been his overthrow; though a joke in the present piece—a doubt whether the dreamed-of going into "long pants" won't go to the boy's head—casts no solemn retrospect.

It is a sad small alive pudding-face, rather like that of the boy in *Bicycle Thieves* grown older, that reveals itself after some initial shyness on the scene. Someone—we aren't shown who—plucks Lord Byron and *Desire Under the Elms* from the shelves of the public library; takes them up to an attic; removes the ladder, gently closes down the trap-door; and there he is, a little plump wistful figure, alone with his big dreams of Romance and trousers that only just come below the knee. He must—with his eyes lifting starrily off the page—dare everything. Then, in the very nick, come long trousers, and he's out and off on his bike to fall, literally and several times, in love with a vamp whose stranded car he circles about with spell-binding attention and skill. This is the sequence that first brought him back to our notice: one in which unfathomable innocence, trick riding, and that genius of comedy which consists in working out humour to the tenth decimal place, combine beautifully.

There are sequences as good to follow. He decides, for example, that for the sake of his vamp he must shoot the girl he is going to marry. He sees it ruthlessly in his mind's eye; then on the very wedding day—he in his top-hat and she in her flowing white—he takes her into the woods where endless games have to be played before she stands back to him counting 500 and he is free to step away, turn, and aim. The whole episode has surrealist glints, a tinge of that cosmic machinery of frustration so irresistibly plotted out by Kafka: his hat gets jammed down on his shoulders, and thus headless, he catches his foot in a man-trap, attached to a sapling, so that every time he tries to get up and walk away the sapling leans over to smack him down. There is here a genuine touch of horror, though, of course, the overwhelming effect is comic. But the bare possibility remains: he *might*—children do these things—suddenly disembarrass himself and kill her.

Later on, following the trail after his vamp (now imprisoned) into the iniquitous city, he has adventures that further tickle one's diaphragm while sending chills to the spine. It's wonderfully funny that he should stagger about the streets under an enormous packing-case containing the escaped lady; but as often as not the image that meets the eye springs out of nightmare. And then, the most masterly exhibition of the whole piece, our ruthless innocent goes through a dozen mimes thinking himself under a policeman's eye; the policeman is a dummy; this fact is at last discovered, and Langdon wanders off, to come back with a brick which he hurls at his tormentor; but in the meantime the dummy has gone, and a real policeman takes his place. . . . Have I at all indicated the temperament—shy, bizarre, ruthless, and self-contained—of this new comedian? For new Harry Langdon was and is, and to encounter him is to discover a special flavour of laughter, different from any we have known before. I trust that the National Film Theatre will give us more—far more—of him: even ten minutes of his best in otherwise mediocre films would be precious.

Cosh Boy, an English film dealing with a Craig-Bentley situation, is almost as disgusting as its subject. It imports a cheap jauntiness and excitement to near-murder, and ends up with the jolliest flogging: that'll larn the little beast! Only James Kenney, as the yellow gang-leader, comes out of this sensation-mongering with credit.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

A YEAR and a half ago a West of England feature called *A Field in Dorset*, by Brandon Acton-Bond and Ralph Wightman, was broadcast on the Home Service. It was a strange programme, based on a leisurely and unusually well-written narrative which, following the cycle of the country year over a certain piece of ground, turned as careful and Websterian an eye on the worm and parasite beneath the soil as on the corn growing above, or the people whose pleasure or business was about it. In the last week or so we were not only able to hear this again but a new and equally distinctive programme *Sleep*, by Brandon Acton-Bond (with Ian Curtis). A second work tells so much more about an author's range and methods than the first alone that this placing emphasised the later broadcast's curious interest. *Sleep*, again produced by this West Regional writer, had the same deliberate calm. It was in form "very simple," according to the author's note in the *Radio Times*. "It is a slight study of a man going to bed and falling asleep." But there is nothing artless about this kind of simplicity, nor about a programme whose predominant use of a single voice (Mark Dignam's) was to a high degree skilful and studied. Mr. Partington's unexciting preparation for sleep, his hazy thoughts (about a kite and Doctor Johnson) and his final slumber, became the theme of a spoken essay, not without poetry, but also factual, scientific and speculative; whose thread was hardly interrupted by the subdued illustrations, the man's thoughts and dreams.

Encounters of Belief, a well-planned, promising series of Home Service discussions, had its opening this week with a fair range of speakers (H. J. Blackham, Philip Toynbee, Fr. Vincent Turner and Basil Willey) examining in the close-knit fashion of the scripted argument, the controversial aspects of Humanism. At a later stage I hope to report on the progress of this experiment. The same week contained a *Taking Stock* discussion on Sunday observance and a Third Programme conversation piece on Immortality (*The Question of a Future Life*). The first of these, which was unscripted, could hardly be termed a debate, for, in spite of an occasional mid-way remark of one of the subsidiary protagonists or mediators, it consisted primarily of a number of statements of incompatible views rising out of hopelessly irreconcilable premises. Neither partisan did his cause much service: not the Sabbath-observer, a fearsome, rigid, Dickensian figure; nor the Sabbath-breaker, his mild and perplexed opponent, who somehow *could* not marshal the right counter-arguments. The Immortality exchange was a smoother and more scholarly affair, easy enough to listen to: its smoothness, though, was partly a result of its scholarliness, but partly also the fruit of caution and the absence of a bold spirit of opposition.

Some specialist talks can be peculiarly stirring to the imaginative chance listener. One such was on Sunday, a report translated from the French of a 2,000-year-old musical instrument, *The Lithophone*, which was recently discovered in Indo-China, and which has, one supposes, as much importance for the musicologist as the coelocanth has for the student of natural history. For all its technical thoroughness, this was fascinating to the ordinary listener; who, moreover, could hear in action the strange yet unbelievably subtle contrivance, made, as I should have said sooner, from a number of "large, resonant pieces of stone." *Troy*, by Professor Denys Page of Cambridge, was the second in the Sunday morning *Myth or Legend* series; its speaker, after reviewing the ancient Trojan story, told with style and economy the fantastic tale of Heinrich Schliemann, a poor shop boy in the early nineteenth century, who, having dedicated himself at the age of seven to finding the site of Troy, did so, in middle life, and after years of preparation, with hardly a wasted move. Maud Karpeles's *Return Visit to the Appalachians* was another of those talks which are sped along by the interest of their subject. Here she described a journey made in 1950 to the South Appalachian Mountains where she had gone with her brother Cecil Sharp on a song-collecting expedition thirty years before. Some of the same people were still to be found in the familiar places; and as if to bring a name and an anecdote to sudden life, there were their voices, singing.

Variations, Daniel George's entertaining contribution to the *Imaginary Conversations* series, embodied an excellent notion—the imaginary conversations held by all of us before or after the event. Why was this simple but superb idea, with its infinite possibilities, not seized upon before?

NAOMI LEWIS

Paul Feiler, at the Redfern Gallery

Where pre-war non-figurative painting nearly always involved thin, smooth, hard surfaces of paint, cool colour, geometric forms and a style of execution that was scientifically precise; post-war non-figurative painting involves thick or "painterly" paint, rich in colour and inventive in expressive texture. Also, its forms are more organic than geometric. In a word, the war marked the transition of non-figurative painting from the Northern to the Latin world. Before the war there were virtually no French non-figurative painters. Pure non-figuration was a non-French phenomenon: Mondrian, Nicholson, Magnelli, etc. Since the war the most important newcomers in Paris are all non-figurative painters: de Staël, Hartung, Soulages, Singier, Estève, etc. This new form of thick-paint abstraction (and one does not mean necessarily "thicker" than Bonnard's, for instance) has its adherents here: Scott, Hilton, Lanyon, Davie, Frost and now Paul Feiler, who gets a great deal from de Staël, even though he is not as yet completely non-figurative. These pictures all have a figurative function in that they evoke the Cornish coast, its rocks and little harbour-walls. Yet this imagery is all flattened out under the de Staëlish slabs of cream or grey or blue or black pigment. Thus, though in appearance abstract, Mr. Feiler's pictures are really a form of impressionism. His square slabs of paint are distended impressionist blobs of light: his squares are stylistically abstract but functionally representational. Nevertheless, he carries things off bravely: there is great dash and freedom in his handling.

P. H.

Correspondence

AMERICA AND FORMOSA

SIR,—May I congratulate you upon your admirable article, "America's War by Proxy" in last week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and at the same time make the following comments upon American policy in the Far East and its implications?

For the best part of two years the U.S. Seventh Fleet has winked at raids from Formosa upon the Chinese mainland. The withdrawal of that fleet—which incidentally in strength can hardly be said to justify its own high-sounding name—does that therefore alter the facts of the situation? Chiang Kai-shek has probably as little chance of conquering the Chinese mainland from Formosa as had Koxinga, that last champion of the Ming dynasty, when he attempted the same task in the 17th century.

What is exasperating about the new President's decision is the state of American opinion that inspired it—not merely among a few MacArthurites, but, so far as I can make out, among a large proportion of Americans. Alliance with America is apparently accepted by the two great parties here as the basis of our foreign policy. For at least a year we can reasonably hope that domestic politics will not cloud or distract the thinking of the new Administration. The Anglo-American alliance is probably more likely to founder upon Far Eastern rocks than upon any other; but during the next few months we have a chance which may never be repeated of plotting with the Americans a course that both of us can honestly accept. But first we must clear up certain misunderstandings.

Let us first of all recognise that war does not mean the same thing for Americans and for Europeans. They still retain towards it a "colonial" state of mind. War for them means the export to foreign fields of guns and young men, not a scourge that can come really back into their homes, bringing misery and destruction to American women and children. They do not really believe that another great war must mean, as we believe, the destruction not only of civilisation, but even of the American Way of Life. Our fear of any widening in the Far Eastern war they consequently tend to regard as a venial concern for our Hong Kong trade.

It is no use arguing with them, for they live still in a happier century than ours. Our only chance is to win them over to our point of view by arguments of the most practical nature. Let us proclaim our readiness, for instance, to modify our present Chinese policy, if they can bring convincing proof forward that Chiang Kai-shek is either wanted back by the Chinese people or is capable of overturning the present Peking Government. Above all, let us realise that we are dealing here neither with reason nor with experience but with emotion, the cry to "Bring the boys back."

The question is whether the Americans want full concord with this country over their Far Eastern policy or if they are now so persuaded that we have sunk into ineffectuality that they are prepared to brush us aside like flies and continue on courses which we believe to be disastrous.

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

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EUROPEAN UNITY

SIR,—I have been shocked by your editorial comment on European integration ("Forcing the Pace in Europe"). Never before has your journal been so outspoken against it. It is rather disappointing to read such adverse matter from your review, which has shown at the crucial moments of history so much sincerity in purpose and objectivity in exposition.

It is not my intention to describe the present mood here about European unity, neither to theorise about it. What ought to be stressed is the sense of frustration which has pervaded European politics since 1945 and the course set by Europe through Britain's failure to understand and encourage endeavours in the right direction.

It is commonly known here that without greater economic unity the free countries of Western Europe will never solve their dollar problem and therefore never get away from American dependency. Even

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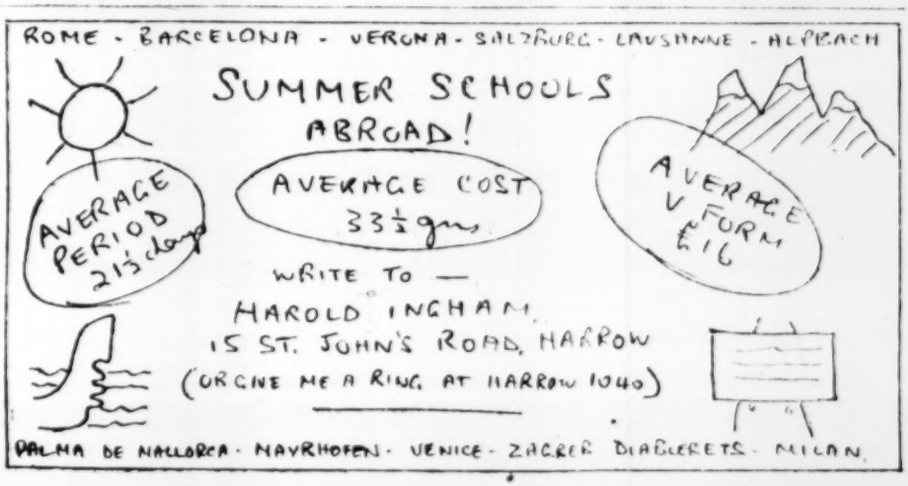
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more serious is the possibility now before them of facing economic stagnation because of crimping markets and checked productivity, while they have to watch passively the non-ending development of the American and Soviet capacities of production. If Europe does not integrate politically as well as economically she will never recover and play again her mighty part between East and West. Instead, her prospects are that Western Europe will invite wars and continue to be the most convenient battlefield for them.

Britain could have done and still can do a lot to avoid this. Since 1945 the liberated Continent waited for a lead from her. It never came. On the contrary, the Foreign Office gave the impression of refraining from any effort towards unity. In fact, it must be admitted that each effective step on the way to European integration was taken under American pressure (O.E.E.C., O.E.P., C.D.E., C.E.D.A.). The fear that the European community might be Clerical, as you write, does not matter now. Better a Clerical Europe that no Europe at all. If Britain does not want to take part in it, we shall do it without her. We hope eagerly, however, that Britain and her Commonwealth could contribute to it, and the more she will, the better. But without a strong European continent, the political and economic independence of Britain, and in due time those of the Commonwealth, will be in jeopardy.

Britain must know that there is no way out of European integration. If she is not satisfied with the present arrangements her duty is to find others to fit into the coming structure of Western Europe. After all, was it not Mr. Attlee who said not such a long time ago that "Europe must unite or perish"?

Brussels. JULES HORN

THE BENTLEY CASE

SIR,—May I be permitted to comment on your editorial on the Bentley case? You say that the Home Secretary "had to think of the suffering inflicted on the family and friends of the murdered policeman, of the possible effect on other young thugs, and of the need to maintain the morale of the police . . ."

This is to place him in the position of the supreme justiciar, constitutionally entitled to override the judiciary in an arbitrary manner. That, I submit, is a misconception. The purpose of the Royal Prerogative of pardoning offenders is not to place the Ministry above the Law, but rather to safeguard the just administration of the Law in those exceptional cases (such as the last-minute discovery of fresh evidence) in which the courts are powerless. The administration of the Law is reposed in the judiciary—not in petitions, appeals to the Home Secretary, and the caprice of public feeling. If it were otherwise, what justice would there be for offenders less blessed with energetic friends and relations?

If the Law is bad, as it may well be, the responsibility lies on Parliament for failing to amend it; it would have been more becoming if those M.P.s who complained so passionately had shown some awareness of this responsibility. However that may be, your reasons for urging that the crime in question should not have been first-degree murder are less cogent than they may at first appear. You say that Bentley was a prisoner at the time; but would Guy Fawkes have been less guilty, had his gunpowder exploded, merely because he was already in custody? Again, you say Bentley was not armed, although he presumably could have been. The precise degree of "guilty mind" assumed to exist in a person who enters upon an unlawful expedition with an armed accomplice no doubt depends on the circumstances. One may disagree with the finding in this particular case without condemning the general principle that a man is responsible for the reasonable and probable consequences of his actions. To deny this is to suggest that a person may mitigate his guilt by ensuring that his accomplice actually commits the crime, which is presumably not what you intended.

Your suggestion that different treatment would have been accorded to a pretty girl in the same circumstances might well have been left unsaid. Nothing can be gained by being "catty" at the expense of juries, judges and Home Secretaries, all of whom, in spite of human weaknesses, generally try to do their duty.

Hartside, 66 Bishops Road, W. E. HICK
Trumpington, Cambridge.

ADULT EDUCATION

SIR,—Will you please tell me how Albert Mansbridge and William Temple "would have handled a Government which dared to announce that it could no longer afford to pay for the development of adult education," and how "they would have lashed an indifferent public into action"?

In this area we have consistently canvassed the local trade unions, and sent speakers to Trades Council meetings inviting them to ask for whatever course of study that might interest them, but always we have drawn a blank. I placed a resolution before the annual conference of my Union (a clerical Union) asking for its affiliation, which involved a small fee. The G.E.C. recommended the conference to reject it on the grounds that there was so small a demand for the services of the W.E.A. that it did not justify the expense of affiliation. The delegates agreed and voted almost solidly against it.

It is surely a little unfair to curse a Conservative Government for showing scant interest in adult education, when little, and even less, is shown by a large part of the Labour Movement. If the W.E.A. is stifled it certainly will not be entirely the work of Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn or Miss Florence Horsbrugh.

56 Hyperion Avenue, CHARLES MARSHALL
Polegate, Sussex.

"THE BIG FOUR AND THE BIG STICK"

SIR,—In your article "The Big Four and the Big Stick" you state "in most of the big unions the rank-and-file trade unionist has little chance of expressing his discontent with a remote self-perpetuating leadership."

This conjures up a picture of the rank-and-file struggling in the chains of constitutional procedure and gagged or misrepresented by those trade union leaders. This would make nonsense of the facts.

The position is that, with the possible exception of the Iron and Steel Trades Confederation, where great power is vested in the Executive, the unions mentioned in your article (T. & G.W., N.U.G.M.W. and the N.U.M.) have a thorough-going democratic set-up: the T. & G.W. especially have gone to great lengths to ensure democratic participation. The machinery is there, the power lies in the hands of the rank-and-file—any misuse of this by their leaders, real or imaginary, reflects on the apathy of the ordinary worker and not on lack of opportunity for "expressing his discontent."

Irresponsible criticism of this nature is playing the game of the Right-wing press. Any stick will do to beat the big unions with. I do not recall any reference in your columns to the pioneering educational work in trade unionism sponsored by Arthur Deakin and Tom Williamson. There is a real attempt on their part to get their members to think about economic and political affairs and to interest them in the democratic running of their union. Work of this nature is just as necessary as passing resolutions at conferences and, let it be whispered, much more difficult and thankless.

This does not mean that I associate myself with Will Lawther's outbursts: neither do numbers of miners whom I meet here in South Wales. If your trade union expert were to remove his ear from the ground in Smith Square and listen to some of the lodges in this area he might feel more cheerful about trade union democracy. CAMPBELL BALFOUR

238 Newport Road, Cardiff.

TITO AND STEPINAC

SIR,—As an Irish Protestant I would like to assure Mr. Waugh that there can be no analogy between the Ustachi and the Sinn Feiners. In 1916, as in previous revolts, many of the leaders were Protestants and there was no shadow of bigotry against the "schismatics." It is true that we have a small organisation here now, which, like the Ustachi, wishes to take strong measures against schism, but it wears an Italian name, Maria Duce, and is alien in spirit to the Irish.

I cannot understand how the intimate and, for the most part, joyous association of the Catholic Hierarchy in Yugoslavia with Pavelic and his plans for the suppression of the Orthodox Church in Croatia and its two million adherents can be for a moment in doubt. Apart from the voluminous evidence of the Orthodox Church itself, published in England and America in 1942 and 1943, there is the large source-book of dated newspaper cuttings, photographs, etc., published in Yugoslavia 1946. It is easy to check these extracts by reference to the papers themselves in the newspaper library at Zagreb University. I spent many days in 1947 and again in 1950 verifying the more incredible of these clerical utterances. I could not believe that Archbishop Saric had really published a poem comparing Pavelic to Leonidas and applauding his measures against the Serbs and Jews. But he did. He published it not only in his own church paper in Sarajevo but also in *Novo Hrvatska* of Zagreb on Christmas Day, 1941. He is now writing for Pavelic's paper in Buenos Aires, very flatteringly of Mgr. Stepinac.

If Mr. Derrick has a friend with a knowledge of Serbo-Croatian, he will be able to find out all that he wants to know (and perhaps more) about Bishop Cule of Mostar, and Bishop Aksamovic (his middle phase), in the pages of Catholic journals of the Occupation period. I can give him the references.

None of this must be taken to imply that Mgr. Stepinac's trial was fair. On the evidence of the printed record of the trial I expect it was not, because his own speech of defence and that of his two counsels were omitted and I believe have never been published in Yugoslavia. Yet this has no relevance to the separate issue of Catholic bigotry in 1941 except in so far as that bigotry provided a notable pattern for later persecution. HUBERT BUTLER

Kilkenny,
Ireland

SIR,—The defenders of a police state, Mr. Ginsburg and Mr. Sokorac, find themselves inevitably in an ambiguous position. I am afraid that I don't care a damn—or perhaps I should say a dime for the benefit of Senator McCarthy who can alone be interested—that I have been commended, according to Mr. Ginsburg, by the Hungarian Home Radio Service. My radio set is not powerful enough to catch the accents of Budapest and personally I don't receive the official handouts of the Hungarian authorities. As a Catholic I must admit to being anti-totalitarian and anti-Communist, and I cannot see very much to choose between Mr. Stalin's Communism and Marshal Tito's Communism—our religion (that is to say our private beliefs in such subjects as the possible existence of God, the Redemption, the Eucharist—not political in themselves unless a Government wishes to make them so—are equally hated by both the supporters of Marxist atheism). Like my fellow-Catholics I believe in the right to think, even to think wrong like the Marxists, and to argue, even to argue wrong. That the Hungarian Home Service, for reasons best known to the Stalinite Communists, approves, my arguments means nothing at all. No doubt Tito's broadcasting service would

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in the same way approve anything I wrote attacking Stalin.

What remains interesting is that the supporters of Tito (or in a different context of Stalin) cannot clarify the actual situation in a totalitarian State. Mr. Ginsburg (whoever he may be) writes of my "eager assumption that the rights which the bishops demanded are non-existent in Yugoslavia." Do people usually make demands for rights that already exist? "I demand the right to buy stamps at a post office." Mr. Sokorac, the Press Counsellor of the Embassy of the People's Republic, corrects my version of what *The Times* printed. The paragraph in *The Times* (he points out) was not the statement or the opinion of the correspondent, but referred in careful terms to what the bishops' demands "*are believed* to have included . . ." Would it not seem a little strange if in this country what the Church leaders demanded of the Government, say for education, was unknown and unknowable to the correspondent of the *Figaro*, and the correspondent had to qualify his statement, "what the Archbishop . . . or the Moderator . . . or the Free Church Union . . . is *believed* to have demanded . . ."

I am afraid that Mr. Ginsburg and Mr. Sokorac have not pleaded Marshall Tito's case very convincingly. How fortunate it is for them, and for all of us who wish them well, that one lives in N.W.2 and one in S.W.7.

GRAHAM GREENE

THE ROSENBERG CASE

SIR,—I have attentively studied the verbatim transcript in the Rosenberg case and I entirely disagree with Mr. Bell's opinion that "the court evidence is quite conclusive."

It is far from conclusive if one considers not merely what was said, but also who said it. The witnesses relied on by Mr. Bell are:—

1. Elitcher. He admitted having lied on oath in suppressing his Communist Party membership, although significantly the authorities had not chosen to prosecute him.

2. Gold. He is serving a 30-year sentence for espionage. He gave no evidence admissible against the Rosenbergs, whom he had never met, and he was not even cross-examined by their counsel.

3. and 4. Mr. and Mrs. Greenglass. Without the testimony of this couple the verdict could not possibly stand. They claimed to be the Rosenbergs' accomplices; and the judge gave the jury a caution with regard to their testimony incomparably milder than the emphatic warning required by English practice that it is unsafe to convict on the uncorroborated evidence of one or even several accomplices.

What makes the Greenglasses' evidence doubly suspect is the failure to follow the salutary English practice of sentencing an accomplice *before* he testifies against his fellow defendants, which removes an obvious incentive to embroider evidence in the hope of earning a light sentence. Greenglass was given 15 years (a mild sentence in contemporary America) only after the Rosenbergs had been convicted and sentenced to death. His attorney, Rogge, even claimed that Greenglass's co-operation had been so commendable that three years would meet the case. Mrs. Greenglass, a self-confessed conspirator, was never prosecuted, for which no reason was given.

Mr. Bell attaches importance to the Rosenbergs' alleged plans for flight. This evidence came from the Greenglasses. I can find *no* evidence that the Rosenbergs had "taken medical shots." The evidence that they had had passport photographs taken came from a witness called at the last minute. He ran a professional photographer's studio. He claimed that he never preserved any negative for more than 24 hours, and admitted in cross-examination that some of the photos he took for the Rosenbergs were family groups, and that all the photos he took were the same size. Since the trial it has been admitted that on the day before giving evidence he was secretly introduced into the courtroom by F.B.I. agents to identify the Rosenbergs, although in his evidence he swore that he had never seen them since the day they visited his studio.

Mr. Bell claims that the Circuit Court of Appeals said that the Rosenbergs were guilty. This is quite untrue. They said: "This Court is not allowed to consider the credibility of witnesses or the reliability of testimony."

Mr. Bell omits to mention that Dr. Urey, who has expressed doubts about the case, was one of the principal atom scientists concerned, and was well qualified to express them. Such doubts cannot be airily dismissed by phrases like "hasty reading of the court transcript."

Other disturbing features of the case are:—

1. Continual intervention by the judge, which can have left the jury in no doubt as to his views. During Rosenberg's examination in chief, that is to say, before even the prosecution had had an opportunity of cross-examining, the judge intervened on no fewer than 27 occasions with questions in the nature of cross-examination designed to elicit or stress some point unfavourable to the Rosenbergs.

2. The constant emphasis placed on the defendants' Communist associations, which, of course, introduced prejudice out of all proportion to its weight as evidence as a possible motive for spying.

In my opinion, the verdict would not be upheld outside the atmosphere of hysteria which unfortunately prevails in America today. But even those who, like Mr. Bell, accept the jury's verdict must surely be shocked at the death sentence.

The Rosenbergs were not charged with committing any act of espionage, but with conspiracy. This, incidentally, is a common law misdemeanour in England, for which a normal sentence might be two years (it has recently been held that the sentence *can* exceed two years).

The conspiracy was alleged to have lasted from 1944 to 1950. The American statute provides that where the offence is committed in wartime, the death penalty (or up to 30 years' imprisonment) may be awarded. If committed in peacetime, it is punishable by up to 20 years' imprisonment. The clear implication of the law is that the death penalty is appropriate to cases where information is transmitted to an enemy. Where (as here) the information is said to have been transmitted to an ally, the existence of a state of war seems almost irrelevant. It is ironical that the judge regarded the continuation of the alleged conspiracy after the war was over as an aggravating circumstance because relations with the Soviet Union had then deteriorated, and apparently overlooked the fact that if the alleged conspiracy had existed only during the years of strained relations after the war, he would have been powerless to pass a death sentence.

The Circuit Court of Appeals has no power to alter sentences (unlike our Court of Criminal Appeal), but it is of interest to quote from their decision, which, as Mr. Bell says, was written by Jerome Frank, "one of America's great liberal jurists":—"Had this court such power, it might take into consideration the fact that the evidence of the Rosenbergs' activities after Germany's defeat (as well as of their earlier espionage activities) came almost entirely from accomplices."

Temple, E.C.4. DUDLEY COLLARD

EAST AFRICA "TRIBUNE"

SIR,—With regard to the paragraph in your issue of January 31st commenting on vernacular newspapers in Kenya, you say "worst of all, the *Tribune*, an admirably edited paper . . . has had its registration withdrawn."

This is not the case. The licence of the printing press at which the *Tribune* was formerly printed has, indeed, been withdrawn, but no action of the sort has been taken against *Tribune*, which can therefore still be published.

Several vernacular newspapers have, indeed, been proscribed by the Government of Kenya since the present emergency began, in each case after the most careful examination of the contents by legal officers, not at the instigation of settlers or members of any community, as your comment implies.

GRANVILLE ROBERTS
Public Relations Officer to the Government of Kenya
Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

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Books in General

MR. G. M. YOUNG has made an excellent selection from Macaulay's writings;* and he has no need to justify his choice since he has already done so in his masterly essay on Macaulay's prose style in *Daylight and Champaign*. In his short introduction he therefore makes but two points. The first, which is easily established, is the extraordinary breadth of Macaulay's *oeuvre*. The *History of England*, the essays, the speeches and the poetry, show Macaulay's ascendancy over each form and sustain his claim to be one of the greatest of English prose writers. Yet even in 850 pages full justice cannot be done to his powers. There is no extract from the famous Third Chapter, the foundation of English social history, and the essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*, which exhibits Macaulay's gifts of historical generalisation at their most generous, is missing. So, alas, is the essay on Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems. In that essay Macaulay constructed a particular model of criticism—the annihilation of pretentious mediocrity—which has served as a prototype for masters of invective ever since. In that essay alone he abandons his habitual amplitude and moves swiftly like an avenger from the poet's deplorable plagiarisms to his singular grammar, from his vile similes to his bumptious theology, from his lack of logic or meaning to his contemptible mind. When he is finished, not even the ruins of the temple of verse are left: it has been bull-dozed clean out of sight.

> His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colours in the Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made. There are words in Mr. Montgomery's writing which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations have made, and will again make, good poetry. But, as they now stand, they seem to have been put together on principle in such a manner as to give no image of anything "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

When Macaulay animadverts on the slain warrior who, while "lying on his bleeding breast," contrives to "stare ghastly and grimly on the skies," or on that unnatural stream which, according to the poet, meanders level with its fount, his natural gusto breaks into uproarious humour: we can hear him slapping his thighs.

Mr. Young's second point is to note the reaction which took place against Macaulay's loud self-confidence and to claim that it has passed away. It has; but not quite. Macaulay has never been taken to the flat bosom of the intelligentsia. Their leader, Matthew Arnold, was the first to put him aside, calling him the apostle of the Philistines, "an honest rhetorician . . . who had absolutely no organ" for penetrating to the vital truth of things; who gave pleasure but no light and therefore would not be saved; and whose verse made him cry out in pain—the kind of twinge no doubt which we feel when we read Arnold's line "Who prop, thou askst, in these bad days, my mind?" Macaulay's verse, it is true, can at its best do no more than ruffle our emotions. But it is something to have painted the Italian landscape in a few stanzas, to have been the outstanding exponent of a verse tradition begun by Scott and ending with Chesterton, and more than something to have added to the country's ballads. Macaulay was fond of appealing in his essays to a wondrous schoolboy ("Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma and who strangled Atahualpa"), and in these days it would be foolish to assert that every schoolboy knows the *Lays of Ancient Rome* by heart; still they are part of our national literature and legend. Macaulay's staggering range of allusion from the literature of many countries and his worship of the giants in poetry might be thought to save him from Arnold's strictures, but the intelligentsia have perceived that his delight in literature was peripheral to his purpose and they continue to observe that he is Not One of Us.

They are right. Macaulay was not only a man of the world but a politician. His religion was the religion of all sensible men, and he used his fabulous memory stocked with hours of reading not contemplatively to instil his mind with doubt and introspection, but as an arsenal to provide the ammunition which would saturate his opponents' defences. His speeches in the House were brilliant successes because his sensibility never rose above that of his audience: it therefore did not rise high. He was perfectly satisfied that common sense and an appeal to Baconian method would be sufficient to expose James Mill's *Essay on Government*—and something more than common sense is needed to criticise political theory. His morality was that of the honest politician and such was his judgment of people. He was quick to praise the simple virtues and to regard vice with worldly leniency: he asked men in public life merely to show some dignity and courage and not to behave like Monmouth who, when faced with the inevitable penalty for unsuccessful rebellion, sued abjectly for life. The very superficiality of his portraits of men, sketched in bold antitheses, is the hall-mark of the politician. For the politician cannot afford to penetrate too deeply into the characters of his fellow men in public life. He must preserve his independence among his friends and restrain a too-active sympathy for his enemies. The historian, too, unlike the biographer, is concerned to see men's public faces and to analyse their actions in relation to their place in society. To Macaulay the arts and sciences were adornments of civilisation but not comparable in importance to the business of government. Good government, he believed, flourished most easily in soil nourished by prosperity and in an environment undisturbed by the storms conjured up by dogmatic religion or the plagues produced by swallowing political panaceas. He was a Whig, not a Progressive. Above all, he possessed the incomparable advantage to an historian of having worked in a department of State and of living politics himself. These are not, however, usually accounted advantages by the intelligentsia.

Nor have they always been so admitted by professional historians. Their verdict on Macaulay resembles the answer of the sage to the fellow who asked him to name the greatest French poets: "Victor Hugo . . . *malheureusement*." In the days when history was a science, no more, no less, he was attacked for his inaccuracy and bias. Today he is criticised for his belief in progress, his inability to "get inside" the past and his partiality for rhadamantine judgment. Obviously those who see men confronting the tragic spectacle of their history, who deny that social institutions can make men better or worse, and who hold that the only judgments permissible to make upon men and events are those of Eternity—for which most of us are unable to wait—will find Macaulay wanting. To call history tragic would to him have been high-falutin', to regard it as comic, absurd: his history is dramatic and the drama is created by the speed with which events succeed each other, by the suspense achieved by the use of great set-pieces, by the narration of hundreds of details and stories clarifying personalities and issues into easily recognisable shapes—in other words, by seeing life as men who live politics see it. Historians demand a profounder vision of the past; whether they in fact provide it themselves is open to question.

He believed, quite rightly, that material progress enables men to lead more varied, and potentially less miserable, lives, but he could well envisage the day when a New Zealander would sketch the ruins of St. Paul's in the midst of a vast solitude and another civilisation have passed away. He took pride in England's political maturity which derived from the flexibility of its institutions and the long experiment in self-government. Like many eminent Englishmen—Mr. Churchill and Keynes spring to mind—he was insular in the sense that this pride of country was so vivid as to exclude a full understanding of foreign countries or their beliefs and moralities, and his dislike of those who sentimentalised over the past made him too readily patronise it. Yet only those who do not read him can believe that he was really incapable of judging the past by any standards other than those of his own times. His tribute, in his review of Ranke's book, to the power of Roman Catholicism to survive and gain ground is remarkable for the decade in which it was written; the essay on Machiavelli, in which the Italian's morality is shown to be the product of his country's social structure, makes Burckhardt's judgment of Renaissance morality appear provincial; and the essays on Clive and Warren Hastings show how carefully Macaulay weighed his judgments of men before delivery.

So far Arnold's case against Macaulay has foundered, but some important documents, the essays and speeches on India and the Minute on Indian Education, are being presented to the court by Gandhi, the lawyer saint. Their effect upon him is similar to that of the defendant's verse upon Arnold. He is outraged by such statements as "what horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger . . deceit is to the Bengalee"; can the defendant deny that he despised Eastern culture and maintained that a shelf of a good European library was worth the whole native literature of India and Arabia? Perhaps Macaulay is ignorant of the Bhagavad-Gita? Certainly he turned his back upon the greatest of India's contributions to the world—her religious experience. Is this what we expect from a cultivated mind?

Macaulay is on his feet at once, and declares

* *Macaulay—Prose and Poetry*. Selected by G. M. YOUNG. *Hart-Davis*. 26s.

that he immediately admitted in his essay that the Bengalee did not lack "a certain kind of courage which is often found wanting in his masters"—the courage to endure torture and ignominious death. As for the masters, did he ever minimise the rapacity and injustice of the British Raj? Did he do more than explain why it was so easy for them to conquer the sub-continent? He then questions whether the conclusions of his Minute can really be said to be in dispute. Today, when an independent India desperately needs technicians, his insistence that public money should be spent on teaching the *lingua franca* of Western technology instead of promoting "absurd history, absurd metaphysics, absurd physics, absurd theology" was surely right. This was the way in which England had been educated by Rome, Russia by Europe: education consists in learning that language in which modern knowledge is most easily grasped—for new knowledge is man's one hope of progress.

The judge sums up briefly. Macaulay has shown himself an administrator of good sense with a prescient mind. But good sense is not the whole of wisdom. To lack love or compassion, or delight in the strange and mysterious, to judge things always in relation to the effect which they produce rather than for their own sake, is to blind oneself to a great part of human experience. Unfortunately, it is very difficult to express these qualities in Minutes; and political theorists who attempt to incorporate them in their philosophies have often deluded their fellow-men deplorably. He finds for the defendant but orders him to pay costs.

NOEL ANNAN

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

The greatest griefs shall find themselves
  inside the smallest cage.
It's only then that we can hope to tame
  their rage,

The monsters we must live with. For
  it will not do
To hiss humanity because one human threw
  us out of heart and home. Or part

At odds with life because one baby failed
  to live.
Indeed, as little as its subject, is
  the wreath we give—

The big words fail to fit. Like giant boxes
Round small bodies. Taking up improper room,
Where so much withering is, and so much bloom.

D. J. ENRIGHT

AT THE POLE IS MEMORY

What of the dream under the ice, the dream under
  the ice?
The blue and the green and the pink of the dream
  under the ice?

Reading such signs as there are when Orion fails
Shall we blossom like the Eskimo in the snow
When winter comes, and burying tent and fire,
Over orchards of ice plant Arctic flowers?

Harbouring the transparency of timeless light
Symbolised by the dream under the ice
He can never be lost or overwhelmed by storm,
Moving over dead worlds, as history falls away
  below.

The rose and the fountain locked in his heart
Remember the rainbow colours of the sea.

J. F. HENDRY

THE CHAMELEON'S DISH

Selected Poems. By WALLACE STEVENS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"How fares our cousin Hamlet?" "Excellent, i'faith; of the chameleon's dish; I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so." In his own country, Mr. Wallace Stevens has as high a reputation as any living American poet, but over here his work has proved too much of a chameleon's dish for most of our gross-feeding critics. Indeed its ingredients are largely colour and space. It is not, in fact, that Mr. Stevens is by any means blind or numb to the sensuous world, or that his thought is too simple for us, or his emotions not sufficiently intense. But the world his senses respond to is not that in which we ordinarily, rather imperceptively, move; and the realm of his more urgent self-questionings is a less grossly moral and practical one than ours. Apples grow on his trees to be looked at, not to be eaten; young women lean out of his balconies to form elements in a total composition, not to pick up young men. He wanders through our world, which grips most of us so painfully, like an alert philosophy lecturer through an art gallery. For him the world *is*, in fact, compositional:

He often thought of the land from which he came,
How that whole country was a melon, pink
If seen rightly and yet a possible red.

"If seen rightly": that is perhaps the phrase to hang on to there; Mr. Stevens's world is one of shifting total patterns, arranged and stressed by the observer's eye. That world's modes of dissolution, the possible shifts of inclusive æsthetic perception, are his central theme. Thus the emotional urgencies of his poetry are not, on the whole, even poeticised versions of the urgencies of ordinary living; they are those of a mind pondering about the ultimate nature of æsthetic experience and, especially latterly, about the shifts of a poem from trickery to revelation under the poet's hands: how far is Prospero the dupe, how far the master, of his own wand?

Two famous early short poems by Mr. Stevens are worth quoting, both to indicate the way he has gone, and the way he has not. *Anecdote of the Jar* is a concrete presentation of a problem in general æsthetics:

I placed a jar in Tennessee,
And round it was, upon a hill.
It made the slovenly wilderness
Surround that hill.

The wilderness rose up to it,
And sprawled around, no longer wild.
The jar was round upon the ground
And tall and of a port in air.

It took dominion everywhere.
The jar was gray and bare.
It did not give of bird or bush,
Like nothing else in Tennessee.

This poem has puzzled better critics than myself; but one must give one's own answers even if they seem to come too easily, and what it seems to me to say is that the framework, the perspective, that gives nature æsthetic significance (or by wider analogy, human significance) is put there by ourselves. There is no "picture" there without our "frame": no "pattern" without our arbitrary selections and stresses—the line about the jar, which has almost a strut or a swagger,

And tall and of a port in air,

suggests that there is a certain proud wilfulness (and that Mr. Stevens approves of it) in the way we dominate the world just by looking at it. Both Wordsworth and Coleridge, both "nature's life" and "our life" as unconsciously projected into nature, are very far away: it is *our consciousness* that makes nature interesting. My second quotation is from *The Emperor of Ice-Cream*:

Take from the dresser of deal,
Lacking the three glass knobs, that sheet
On which she embroidered fantails once
And spread it so as to cover her face . . .

My point there is that for the "ordinary reader" these lines have a "human pathos" which has not in fact proved to be one of Mr. Stevens's developing qualities; I agree with the ordinary reader in thinking he would have been a larger writer—not necessarily a finer artist—if it had. In the later poems the meditation is more prolonged and abstruse and the empirical element, clouds and birds and colours, more schematic. These later poems are at once a meditation and a making, and a meditation about what is being made:

The poem is the cry of its occasion,
Part of the res itself and not about it,
The poet speaks the poem as it is,
Not as it was . . .

Each new attempt to write a poem, in fact, especially when the nature of poetry is the poet's central theme, raises anew the question of what a poem is. Thus these late meditations of Mr. Stevens can be, and tend to be, indefinitely prolonged; their mode is self-questioning repetition, as in music. It is hard to say anything clear or helpful about so rich and complex a poet in a short space; but I hope I have conveyed two things: my immense respect for Mr. Stevens; and my conviction that if *all* poetry were of his kind, we should not perhaps consider poetry, as those of us who like it tend to, as being *centrally* important to human experience.

G. S. FRASER

PORTRAIT OF HONG-KONG

Hong-Kong. By HAROLD INGRAMS. *H.M. Stationery Office.* 27*s.* 6*d.*

"The skeleton in the foreground is the new Bank of China," reads the caption under Plate IX. There, beyond the Cricket Ground, with its little intent white figures, and almost hiding The Bank (Hong-Kong and Shanghai), rises the astonishing new bird cage, stories higher than anything else. From the Cricket Ground it seems even taller than the Peak. Its presence, so central, so near The Club and the Naval Dockyard, transforms the familiar scene which Mr. Ingrams's book describes so fully, not omitting the ferry and bus-traffic figures, the trade and industry, the fishing fleets, the farmers and their landscape, the Fung

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Shui (principles of Wind and Water), the history, the Government, the Welfare Agencies and—suitably in the forefront—the seamy side: the overcrowding in tenements and squatter towns. (One-tenth, that is 200,000 people, were living as squatters.) Mr. Ingrams gives a very complete picture, fair, calm and free. He keeps his sense of perspective admirably in what is undoubtedly one of the most bewildering, indeed goofy, spots on earth and though he talks of those over there in Peking, the Masters of the new Bank of China—"some other system which your brother across the border may feel obliged to support"—rather as though they were something in the bathroom, his veiled language here is Hong-Kong too. It is not a blinking of the situation but a sign of awareness and immediacy.

This is a new kind of Government publication, as H.M. Secretary of State for the Colonies points out in a Foreword. It is

> the first in a series dealing similarly with other British colonial territories and designed to provide books which, while in sufficient detail and with sufficient authority to be of value to the specialist in colonial affairs, will at the same time appeal to the general educated public by reason of their attractiveness of style and presentation.

It can be said to meet this high demand. It does supply an account between the Reports and Blue Books of officialdom and the recitals of chance visitors, something authoritative and readable. Though there are a few hollow-sounding sentences, with Mr. Ingrams there can be no quarrel. He went there for a couple of months early in 1950. He has an eye for the scene, a way with people, a gift of friendship, an ability to digest reports and a conscience as to what the Government and the merchants owe to the majority. A believer in the Welfare State cannot help feeling abashed and a little queasy over what he finds in Hong-Kong: "Never in my life, in Africa, in Europe, in Arabia, had I seen slums worse than these, but never had I met slum-dwellers who looked so clean and tidy, so cheerful and welcoming, in such conditions. The Chinese seem able to rise above the drabbest surroundings." This beside wealth as fabulous as the overcrowding.

Yet he writes warmly of the care that the Government attempts to give to the young, the aged and the destitute. He thinks it should be far better known even though it should be greater than it is. So too of the housing efforts: tolerated areas for squatters to build on and provided with drains, water and model huts "well aligned and quite pleasant," somehow fail to attract. The squatters think the approved-type hut expensive to build and the orderly life of the approved site dull. So they put up hutches on the raw hillside. Public health work, again, is admirable if inadequate. Hercules himself would throw up his hands before living space packed with 2,000 persons to the acre. There has been no cholera in the Colony since 1947 and plague has been virtually banished. There has been much building in recent years—most of it high-class offices and apartments which will bring money back. Meanwhile one of the great cares of the Health Services is the illicit keeping of pigs. To Mr. Ingrams's experienced eye the clandestine piggery discovered for him "looked very clean and healthy." He had obviously fallen heavily for the Chinese.

One of their winning, though in a way daunting, characteristics is their passion for education. Eager, industrious children, parents almost sacrificing life itself to get them schooling, school magazines complaining of classrooms being locked during recess because "it does seem rather senseless to stand about the playground wasting precious time"; and to meet all this another, a truly tremendous effort was required. When population multiplies fivefold in six years, the strain of expanding elementary education to meet it might make any Education Service despair. Some supply of teachers, it is true, came in with the refugees, but there was still the organisation and the building to tackle. What has been done may well make Hong-Kong proud as well as hopeful, and some nearer home feel envy. But there are still gigantic tasks to be faced, teacher-training among them. Chinese schooling has traditionally aimed at the memorisation of What to Think. Shifting that over to learning How to Think is no light undertaking anywhere. But that is what educational strategy now requires.

When Mr. Ingrams comes to the University he notes the challenge that its unique opportunity incurs. In 1950 the place was dilapidated. The unpoliced populace looted for wood when the Japanese left. They had been without fuel for so long and the temptation to start cooking again was so great. Under their assault the Great Hall and the Students' Union were soon in ruins. It is encouraging to think that the University buildings have by now been much more than made good, for as the author truly says: "Hong-Kong University is the only crucible into which an admixture of British thought can be poured to be fused with what is best in Chinese thought."

Trade, first and last. And what of Law and Order? Well kept still, though a police force constituted as this must be cannot be quite as free from squeeze as we would like. Law and Order are the basis of Trade's immense success. What of progress towards Self-government? That can hardly be unless there is a self to govern and be governed. Mr. Ingrams has some illuminating estimates as to the numbers of people in Hong-Kong who feel any identification with, any deep loyalty to, the place. Some 3,000 Portuguese, who are British subjects; a considerable number of Eurasians; some Indians; and of course those Chinese for whom unquestionably Hong-Kong is the home country. But for the rest, home is elsewhere. They are in Hong-Kong on duty or to make money—a living at least. Moreover, great masses of them are impermanent residents. Between the end of the Japanese occupation in 1945 and May 1950 population expanded from 600,000 to 2,500,000. "Like a sponge Hong-Kong draws in population and squeezes it out, and the hand that does the squeezing is China's. If conditions are good in China, people stay there, if they are uncomfortable they rush to Hong-Kong." One may rush to Hong-Kong to escape the People's Government and yet feel that it is realising one's National aspirations to an undreamed of degree. In such circumstances paternalism in Government is not easy to escape. And how successful it can be! Infantile mortality has been reduced from 617 a thousand in 1935 to 91.1 a thousand in 1948. Imagine that done in China. It could be and may be done before long. And what then?

The book is furnished with admirable maps, forty well-chosen plates, some charming drawings, and a bibliography.

DOROTHY PILLEY RICHARDS

PLAYS FROM FRANCE

Lucifer and the Lord. By JEAN-PAUL SARTRE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Three Plays. By GABRIEL MARCEL. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

Jean Anouilh. By EDWARD OWEN MARSH. *W. H. Allen.* 16s.

Lucifer and the Lord, which has been very readably translated by Kitty Black, makes a huge effort to analyse the class structure of society in a way that no other modern play has ever done. Within this structure, conveyed in terms of a view of sixteenth-century Germany, M. Sartre tries to show that actions that attempt to be absolutely good are just as evil as actions that attempt to be absolutely evil. This time, he has not, I think, succeeded in convincing one of the relevance of his play's challenge with anything like the dramatic force that he did in *Huis Clos* or *Crime Passionel*. Nevertheless, in his first task, that of communicating an entire society with all its complex inner discords, he is triumphantly successful. We do get here a picture, not of a few typical individuals in conflict with each other, but, as in seventeenth-century drama, of a whole world. Frightened ecclesiastics, hungry rebellious peasants, powerful noblemen and irresponsible mercenary soldiers—these are its four social groups, while moving among them there are agitators, prophets, lepers, harlots, bankers, indulgence-sellers and worried women. With quick violent strokes M. Sartre authoritatively situates them all.

His chief concern, though, is with two characters who, like Hugo in *Crime Passionel*, are torn by their situation between conflicting classes in this society. One is a priest, Heinrich, a friend of the poor, who are themselves in arms against the priests; the other, Goetz, the hero of the play, is a bastard of a noble line. As an all-powerful mercenary captain, he revenges himself for his social ambiguity by doing deeds of Evil (in the manner of a villain out of Webster or Tourneur). In pursuit of Evil he is about to sack the city of Worms, when Heinrich cunningly tempts him. Anyone can sack a city, he urges Goetz, but to do Good—that is impossible. Here is the central, the purely cerebral twist of the plot. Goetz succumbs to the temptation, resolving to do Good. He begins by creating in his lands an egalitarian City of the Sun, but this city is soon razed to the ground by its neighbours on account of its complacent pacifism. Goetz then retires to the woods to lead a life of mortification and penance. When after a year and a day Heinrich finds him, Goetz has made his great discovery, "If God exists, man is nothing; if man exists . . ." The dots are M. Sartre's. Goetz cured of believing in either Good or Evil returns to the world of men and crime.

In the working-out of the intrigue, there is a magnificent glut of wit, horror, savagery, pathos and even at moments, a kind of grim, bitter lyricism; but it is not at all clear what wrong attitude M. Sartre is aiming to correct in this great melodrama. I may have hopelessly missed the point, but I do not see what it is that he is exposing. Certainly not Christianity, which

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So I sez to 'im, I sez, "this 'ere's a proper good read." "Straight?" 'e sez. "Straight!" I sez.

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hardly comes into the play at all. If, as he explains, the drama "deals entirely with the relationship between man and God" it does so in a most eccentric manner. Moreover, whereas Hugo was a very recognisable contemporary type, an observed character, Goetz and Heinrich are really fanciful projections of the writer's own upon an imagined past, becoming after a time tedious symbols of self-disgust.

We move with M. Marcel into an altogether different world. *A Man of God*, *Ariadne* and the *Funeral Pyre*, M. Marcel's most intricate plays are given here in admirable translations by Majorie Gabain and Rosalind Heywood. M. Marcel's *théâtre* is too spare ever to be very successful anywhere in public performance, one feels; but his plays read as deeply interestingly as they broadcast on the Third Programme. The preoccupation common to them all is a subtle form of "bad faith" in the protagonists. In a charming Preface, the writer describes his dramatic technique as "a progressively deeper delving into the past lives of the chief characters." And in *A Man of God* the delving shows that the pastor's forgiveness of his wife's infidelity and his adoption of her child was in truth nothing but cowardice and pride.

> You live for years with a certain idea of yourself and you think you are drawing strength from that idea. Then suddenly you realise you are living in a fool's paradise.

Exploding a fool's paradise is, of course, precisely Ibsen's technique, but M. Marcel (who unlike the Master never tries his hand at symbolism) puts it to an original use. A patient, classical tracker-down of motives, he writes a kind of dramatic chamber music where the pleasure is in the depth rather than the scope. His theory as a weekly critic that the ending is the true test of a play may explain why his own take so long to develop.

Whereas M. Marcel's concern as a playwright is with the concealments of motive, with M. Anouilh it is a tense balance, an antithesis of emotional states that is the form of each of his pieces, and this renders him a very hard subject for a full-length critique. Reduced to critical concepts these feeling-states of his characters so easily become sentimental platitudes about poverty and purity and the power of the past. Mr. Marsh, Anouilh enthusiast to the point of idolatry, has not at all avoided this. Indeed, it is hard to see how he could have done in a book which mainly ploughs through the plays one by one crudely summarising their plots. I fear that the most that can be claimed for his study is that it is comprehensive and fully illustrated with photographs of the different productions. In his summing-up Mr. Marsh uses the phrase, "the pessimism of maturity," but in fact *l'univers Anouilhesque* is, as M. Marcel suggests, "one where the word 'maturity' has no meaning, no application."

ANTHONY CURTIS

ASSORTED PHILOSOPHERS

John Locke. By D. J. O'CONNOR. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

Other Minds. By JOHN WISDOM. *Blackwell.* 21*s.*

The Feast of Unreason. By HECTOR HAWTON. *Watts.* 15*s.*

Studies in Philosophy. By R. F. A. HOERNLÉ. *Allen & Unwin.* 30*s.*

As the price of books majestically rises, the responsibility of those publishers who bring a few down to the half-crown level steadily grows. Which shall it be? Mr. O'Connor's *Locke* is another of the important series on Great Philosophers edited by Professor Ayer. It is a clean job, an intelligent and honest book with no nonsense about it. It discusses Locke's theory of knowledge in lucid and modern terms. It relates his problems clearly to those studied today. Is this enough? No.

Mr. O'Connor cannot help it, but he has no sense of history, and in a book like this, history will creep in. It is not just factual mistakes, like the casual remark that Roman Catholicism in Locke's day was not a real political danger. It is a failure to understand the spirit of Locke's inquiry. Mr. O'Connor repeats, for instance, the old philosopher's grumble that Locke has a bad style. Locke's style is about as bad as any good seventeenth-century style; that is, it goes for vividness rather than structure. It has neither Berkeley's tendentious terseness nor the dull staccato which is usual today, and on a fine logical point it is no doubt often clumsy. But it is rich, vivid, nervous, convincing, full of those varied images which stamp writing as the direct fruit of experience. It conveys a personal attitude to philosophy which is Locke's one real claim to greatness. Locke is that very rare thing, a *genuine* empiricist who has turned philosopher instead of writing novels. His world amazes him; a pineapple, a dreamless sleep, a dual personality, a ground almond, a rational parrot, constantly pop up to be explained and to destroy the continuity of his thought. It is the temper of the Royal Society, shrewd, sensational, omnivorous of physical detail. Not for Locke the slick Berkeleian system, or the well-organised Humean polemic. His epistemology points exactly the same moral as his political theory: Life is infinitely various: do not try to bottle her in scholastic jars. He will be thrown out of a consistent general view at any time by the oddity of experience, and it is a commonplace that such inconsistency generally gives rise to his most interesting thoughts.

Mr. O'Connor presents these thoughts in his own neutral manner, obscuring the spirit in which Locke evolved them—which spirit is precisely the thing that might be of use to a student, for the results, no doubt, have been served up better elsewhere. And having missed these virtues, he is compelled to justify the study of Locke by various mendacious claims that he is the First British Empiricist, or even that he "founded the British philosophical tradition" (front cover!). On every point where this is claimed, it can easily be shown that Francis Bacon or Hobbes (who are never *mentioned* in this book) preceded Locke, even if, with Mr. O'Connor, we disqualify Roger Bacon and William of Ockham for being Roman Catholics. (Scepticism as to the existence of any philosopher suspected of writing political philosophy or Latin is getting rather too marked among positivists.) I feel justified in pressing these criticisms in spite of Mr. O'Connor's great general skill and integrity, partly because this sort of thing is now too common, and partly because of the really shocking dozen pages he puts in on Locke's political theory. To claim that a work of such enormous practical influence is unintelligible is just a long way of proving oneself the wrong person to discuss it. The chapter should have been left out and the book called "Locke's Theory of Knowledge." And here perhaps is a hint for publishers. If they put themselves in the able hands of an anti-historical editor, might they not do better to publish books on particular *philosophic problems* instead of on philosophers?

Professor Wisdom is a most stimulating writer with many Lockean virtues, and it is very good to have reprinted together, even in a depressing format, his series of articles for the cause and cure of doubts about whether and how far other people exist. It might have been kind to add a general preface, since the opening pages are exceptionally confusing. But the fertile analogies, the careful search for our real worry, the strong imaginative grasp of an opponent's position give these essays a unique value. Some people get annoyed at being cured of so many opinions without ever getting one to keep. The author's idea is that they ought to do their positive thinking for themselves. This is very proper, yet in practice it often leads to an infectious form of supercilious caution. It is hard to see what ought to be done about it. But certainly it would do Mr. Wisdom himself no harm to tell us one day what he *does* think.

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Mr. Hawton's clever and lively book is much better than most tut-tuttings over the Decline of Reason, but it is still gravely weakened by the two endemic diseases of rationalists; first, blindness to the value of the more or less religious experiences which inspire such things as Existentialism, and, second, unwillingness to admit that many supposed Commands of Reason have been simply the custom of our ancestors. Mr. Hawton often sees this in detail, but doesn't realise that it involves him in a complete re-formulation. What he really demands is not just more thinking but a different set of premises for thought, and unless we can 'do' a Kant and prove that Reason herself will supply them, we must appeal for these to other faculties, with which he and other rationalists are less at home. As for Professor Hoernlé, he is a sad case of delayed publication. He seems to have been an exceptionally lucid, humane and sensible Idealist, but as he died in 1931 and made the great refusal to deal with anything but contemporary controversies, it is hard today to pick out his undoubted wisdom from the potsherds. Philosophers should take less notice of each other.

MARY SCRUTTON

NEW NOVELS

Heaven and Earth. By CARLO COCCIOLI. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Blanket Boy's Moon. By PETER LANHAM and A. S. MOPELI-PAULUS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Drum Singers. By LAU SHAW. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The House that Stood Still. By A. E. VAN VOGT. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Creeping through the fog to office and factory, hearing no Mass, seeing no flying saucer, bashing no kaffir, the placid citizenry of England miss much of the world's excitement. Where football and brown ale rule, the pastimes and anodynes of other lands are only regrettable necessities; how gentle the country where it takes an execution to provoke a riot! In this week's novels we are offered glimpses of less happy lands.

First, Italy, of brilliant limpidity and shadows black like soot, where fog and compromise are alien and no exaggerated Anglo-Saxon value is set on common sense. *Heaven and Earth* is an extremely Catholic novel, and this augurs well for its success in England, for although our common sense does not permit us to be Catholics ourselves, it encourages us to enjoy the drama of the Roman faith in the works of two of our own most admired novelists. But whereas Mr. Greene and Mr. Waugh, *in partibus infidelium*, are content to write about sinners, Signor Coccioli in Italy has essayed a saint. His novel is an account of the life of a priest, Don Ardito Piccardi, and the reader is given to understand that the work is a fictionalised biography. There is indeed a strong air of reality about the way in which Don Ardito's character is built up from reports written by people who knew him, as a seminarist, an obscure country priest, a celebrated philosopher, and finally as a country priest again. His long and complex struggle with Satan is told by Signor Coccioli in a manner which admirably combines simplicity with intelligence and subtlety. The book as a whole commands interest and respect, but in disdaining cheap romanticism Signor Coccioli sometimes gives the impression of having accepted another brand of romanticism, less cheap but to other tastes than his own hardly more acceptable. Yet even if we do not argue about taste, *Heaven and Earth* cannot be accounted an altogether successful book. Don Ardito, apparently always on the point of being presented to us as a living, breathing man, somehow does not come wholly to life. To us at any rate, in our foggy Anglo-Saxon winter, with our perceptions fuzzy at the edges, our imaginations frozen, Don Ardito obstinately remains a hagiographer's figment.

In a long series of novels South African writers press upon us the claims of their country to be the unhappiest in the world. *Blanket Boy's Moon* is the joint work of a White journalist and a chieftain of Basutoland, and it is the story of a Basuto in his contact with White civilisation. A most interesting and out-of-the-way documentary, it has passages of great charm, and the English in which it is written, with its striking images and its Homeric overtones, suggests a triumph of collaboration on the part of the authors. Clearly the Basuto are a race of story-tellers; in method this story has a sophistication that implies an elaborate tradition. It is not, however, as a work of literature, a book of the class of *Heaven and Earth*. In content it is simple, and is possibly "angled" a little too much towards the British reader, featuring those things in African life—ritual murder, the mineworkers, the English-Afrikaner-Indian-African conflict in Johannesburg—which he may be expected to have read about in the newspapers. But that fault, if it is a fault, is not important. This book is illuminating in a way that other similar novels by Africans have not been; it gives the feeling of the life of a Basuto tribesman at home and in Johannesburg; Monare of Lomontsa is a real character. All kinds of readers will follow his adventures with interest, and surely most with indignation and compassion as well.

Drum Singers has a good deal in common with *Blanket Boy's Moon*, and in particular a simple but strong documentary interest. The singing of ballads to a drum accompaniment is, it appears, a traditional Chinese entertainment, given in theatres by itinerant performers whose art is the product of years of training. These people are however considered as low-class entertainers only; they have no status, and drum-singing mingles at its edges with prostitution and racketeering. This simple tale—again angled, I suspect, for a Western audience that is supposed to like its Orient quaint and charming—is still genuinely engaging, and despite the rather sugary taste gives authentic glimpses of the suffering and poverty of the Chinese people.

The last unhappy country on the list is California, where Mr. van Vogt's latest essay in science-fiction is set. For California is unhappy about death; it is a place where people go to while away their last years in super-markets and the temples of a thousand cults. And now they fear atom-bombing as well as cancer and angina, and they have a good deal to try not to think about, and so California is perhaps the place where the most determined efforts are made to escape from reality. It is suitable that Mr. van Vogt should set here his story about a group of people who have stumbled upon the secret of immortality, and who in their lengthened span have already dreamt up—need I write it?—space ships in which to escape from the earth. Those who feel a desperate need to have their "mind taken off things" may conceivably enjoy this production, but personally I found it nauseatingly silly. It is incidentally written in an English which is if possible shoddier than the subject.

J. D. SCOTT

CONVERSION

The Communist Technique in Britain. By BOB DARKE. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.* and *Penguin Books.* 2*s.*

Many ex-Communists write books. Most tell us more about themselves than about the Communist Party. Leaving the Party, like joining it, appears as an emotional experience, not a political action; and one even sympathises with the bosses who have to make a party with such introspective material. The German Communist party, for instance, must have had little time left over for fighting Hitler when it had Mr. Koestler on its hands. Now and again we get a book by an ex-Communist, who is more interested in politics than in his own psychology. Such men joined the Party to carry out a clear programme, and they break with it when they find themselves instruments in an alien struggle for power.

After eighteen years in the Communist Party, Mr. Bob Darke discovered (rather late in the day) that human beings and individual decency were more important than any political cause. His book is rather slight and rambling, without

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literary elegance. The captious may feel that Bob Darke likes to be in the centre of the picture. Despite these faults, it gives an effective and convincing account of how the Communist Party works. There is nothing about the danger of Communism as an intellectual doctrine; instead, a clear statement of Communist practice. The book should be read by everyone who believes that Communists can ever be trusted or that it is possible to work with them.

Here is the record to show that there is no difference between Communists (British ones at that) and National Socialists. The Communist Party is not concerned with peace or with better conditions; it is concerned only with power. It exploits everyone, including its own members, for this purpose. Bob Darke describes the party-trials, which take place as much in the East End of London as in Prague or in Moscow. An earlier example can be found in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter V, verses 1-10. Yet, with all this violence and unscrupulousness, there is an element of silliness. The British Communists are playing at "Dictators"; and it is difficult to take them seriously. Mr. Bob Darke says that he has come to believe in "freedom of conscience and will, freedom of speech and mind." If he has really found these beliefs, he can shake off the eighteen years when he listened to Mr. Harry Pollitt and Mr. Emile Burns.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE DUCHESS REGAINED

Proust's Oriane. By MARTHE BIBESCO. *Falcon Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Princess Bibesco, like many another young girl, was frightened by her first sight of Proust. She was at a ball, in a white dress; he wore a wadded fur-coat and a hideous beard, and followed with enormous reproachful eyes through the mazes of the dance the flowering girl who so incomprehensibly avoided him. Proust was deeply hurt and deeply interested; he never quite forgave her, and for once he was in the wrong. To him she was the cousin of his great friends, the Princes Antoine and Emmanuel Bibesco, overcome no doubt by the social nausea which afflicts princesses when they are forced to meet their friends' friends. The princess saw further: she was terrified because, at a ball, she saw a supernatural visitant, a fallen symbol from a Platonic heaven. "This man," she wrote, "held the keys to a world into which I was unwilling that evening to follow him, into which later [she meant, after his death] he was to draw me." She is herself an artist, minor, divided, touching and exquisite. Her three Proustian studies, *At the Ball with Marcel Proust*, *The Veiled Wanderer*, and now, in the late Sir Edward Marsh's graceful translation, *Proust's Oriane*, are calculated to infuriate the academic critic. They are the only books on Proust which succeed in casting something of his spell, and they achieve this largely through their poetic misapprehensions.

Oriane, Duchesse de Guermantes, was based more nearly than most of Proust's characters on a single person. In this world she was Comtesse Adhéaume de Chevigné, a leader of society and fashion, whom Proust loved and waylaid in her morning walks in 1891, some twenty years before she became an admired friend of the young Princess Bibesco. The princess makes no secret of her conviction that a great lady who can trace her descent from Petrarch's Laura de Sade (friends of the family seem rarely to mention another, perhaps equally distinguished bearer of the name) deserves as high a place in our scale of values as the great artist who merely portrays her. This, no doubt, is a misapprehension, but it conveys something of Proust's own truth: that the symbolic meaning which we attach to persons and places, though unreal in this world, is real outside Time. In the photograph of the Comtesse de Chevigné as a formidable old lady with seventeen ropes of pearls, we may see the snobbish, empty-hearted Duchess, a tragic effigy of the vanity of human relationships. But Proust's novel is a circular one; when it ends, it is just about to begin; and the eternal Duchess, after all, is not the "jewelled sacred fish" of the last chapter, but the lost beauty Marcel is there incited to recover. In the idealised Mme de Chevigné of Princess Bibesco's book we may recognise the fleeting, immortal symbol of the Avenue Marigny, Marcel's "particle of the universal love": the Duchess regained.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. BOYCE: Symphonies Nos. 1-8 (Zimbler Sinfonietta. *§AXTL (Brunswick) 1003). These Handelian symphonies were resurrected and edited by Constant Lambert; in default of evidence to the contrary, it seems likely that this is the edition used by the Zimbler Sinfonietta, which on disc possesses the same admirable qualities as our own London Baroque Ensemble. The music is light and charming, without any very marked personality. The recording is a little wiry in tone but gramophones with a system of controls can make these discs sound very pleasant. MOZART: Clarinet Concerto, K 622 (Kell/Zimbler Sinfonietta. §AXL 2002). Reginald Kell's performance in this lovely work has become more mannered of late years: he tends to over-express every phrase in the arch style of a modern Viennese soprano. The result, far from enchanting the sense, is surprisingly dismal. The acoustic is too resonant, and the harmony often coagulates. Readers will do well to stick for the present to the excellent old SP set (HMV). MOZART: *Cassation, C major, K 63; Serenade, D major, K 100 (Zimbler Sinfonietta. §AXTL 1001). These two heavenly pieces are in fact contemporary, despite the Köchel numbers (in former editions the Serenade used to be 62a). They are played in a beautifully incisive manner that rivets attention. The recording is slightly over-resonant; in the Serenade the surface is variable and there is some swish. Do not, however, miss this record. TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5 (Hamburg Radio Sym Orch/Schmidt-Isserstedt. §LXT 2758). A respectable, very German performance, which will not do in Tchaikovsky: there is not enough contrast and no nervous excitement. The recording is poorly balanced (brass and wind far too dim) and uncomfortable in forte. TCHAIKOVSKY: *Romeo and Juliet* and **Capriccio Italien* (Brussels Radio Sym Orch/André. §LGM 65005). *Capriccio Italien*; *Theme and Variations from Third Suite, G major (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Schuricht. §LXT 2761). An irritating situation, for those who do not find the *Capriccio* in any case too blatant for home listening. The Brussels *Romeo* is quite a good, but not at all thrilling, performance; the recording is dry and unstereophonic. Their Capriccio, on the other hand, is very lively and the brass is excellent, in contrast to that in the Paris recording, which has an unpleasant vibrato. Schuricht gives plenty of colour to the Variations and the important violin solo has great distinction. This is easily the best version of a popular piece. TCHAIKOVSKY: *The Sleeping Princess*—complete ballet (Paris Conservatoire Orch/Fistoulari. *§LXT 2762-3). This set would be a double star, were it not for the wiry violin tone and some rather congested tuttis. Fistoulari achieves the true sables-and-diamonds effect at which this delightful music aims, and the numerous instrumental solos are beautifully played. BEETHOVEN: Piano Concerto No. 2, B flat major (Backhaus/Vienna Phil/Krauss. §LX 3083). A good, careful rendering of a rather dull work. The recording is adequate, but there is some deterioration of tone at the onset of the cadenza and the orchestral timbres are not very distinctive. *MARCELLO: Oboe Concerto, C minor; **VIVALDI: Bassoon Concerto, D minor (Reversky (oboe) and Helaerts (bassoon)/Suisse Romande/Ansermet. §LX 3100). It is a thousand pities that the oboe (most sensitively played) should be too near the microphone,

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FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

for the result is rather acid and monotonous. This very appealing work exists in an excellent SP set with Léon Goossens (Col.). The outlying movements of the Vivaldi are conventional, but the Adagio has a dignified beauty. Performance and recording first rate. HINDEMITH: Theme and Four Variations (Foss/Zimbler Sinfonietta. **§AXL 2001). Sub-titled "The Four Temperaments," this piano concerto is among Hindemith's most human and accessible works. Lukas Foss assumes the solo part with aplomb and the recording is very well managed. STRAUSS: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*—Suite (Vienna Phil/Krauss. **§LXT 2756). This clever, attractive, but at times cheap, music receives a virtuoso performance from a group of soloists chosen from the Vienna Philharmonic. The recording is wonderfully faithful. MASSENET: *Scènes pittoresques* (A.B.C. Sydney Sym Orch/Goossens. DB 9781-2). Eugene Goossens obtains some well-disciplined playing from the Sydney Orchestra, and the quieter of these dear old chromo-lithographs come out quite well; but the upper frequencies are distorted and the acoustic is cramped. SMETANA: *Vltava* and *From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests* (Bamberger Sym Orch/Keilberth. §LGM 65006). Disappointing: the strings sound tew and fizzy, and the whole orchestral tone is inflated with carpet-beater's bass. WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*—Overture; BRAHMS: Academic Festival Overture (Bamberger Sym Orch/Keilberth. §LGM 65007). Somewhat better than the foregoing disc—but not much; the performances are routine, the middle parts mushy. Two good SP sets of the Brahms are available (Decca and HMV). Also recommended: BERLIOZ: *Carnaval Romain* (Philharmonia/Kletzki. *LX 1574); JOHANN and JOSEF STRAUSS: Second New Year Concert (Vienna Phil/Krauss. **§LXT 2755); RAVEL: *Pavane pour une infante défunte* (Philharmonia/Cantelli. **DB 21553); DITTO and SAINT-SAENS: *Le Rouet d'Omphale* and *Danse macabre*; CHABRIER: *España* and *Marche joyeuse* (Suisse Romande/Ansermet. *§LXT 2760); PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 5, B flat major (Danish State Radio Orch/Tuxen. **§LXT 2764); GRIEG: Holberg Suite, and ARENSKY: Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky (Harold Byrns Chamber Orch. **§CTL 7022); SUK: Serenade for Strings, Op 6, and SMETANA (arr. Byrns) Dances (Ditto. **§CTL 7025).

Chamber Music and Piano. BEETHOVEN: String Quartet, E flat major, Op. 74 (Pascal Qt. Nixa §CLP 1208). In this performance the Pascals show a complete lack of eloquence: they make nothing of the themes and thus give a purely superficial account of a beautiful quartet. The recording is fearfully strident. SHOSTAKOVICH: Piano Quintet, Op. 57 (Aller/Hollywood Qt. **§CTL 7024). Here, hard on the heels of the Quintetto Chigiano, comes an even better version of a work which grows in stature with each hearing. The new issue is consummate in every respect. CHOPIN: Studies, Op. 10 and Three New Studies; Studies, Op. 25 and Hérold Variations, Op. 12 (Goldsand. Nixa §CLP 1132-3). Robert Goldsand is an accurate pianist who excels at giving us precisely what is on the page; but he seldom gets below the surface of the music, and in the more lyrical of the Studies his playing is heavy and unspontaneous. The recorded tone varies a good deal: at times excellent, at others metallic and distorted. With these reservations the discs are recommended, for they contain much brilliant and stylish playing, and the Hérold Variations are extremely pretty. A selection from both sets of Studies, by Backhaus (§LX 3091) cannot be enthusiastically recommended, for, although the pianist has more feeling than Goldsand for the delicate aspects of Chopin's art, his management of the technical difficulties is no longer what it once was, and the recording is dry and confined. A single disc by Cortot (DB 21521), containing Op. 10, Nos. 3 and *4, and *Op. 25 No. 2, is among the best of his later offerings. SCHUBERT: Impromptus Op. 90 and 142 (Goldsand. §Nixa CLP 1146). These pieces are well studied and Goldsand here shows much more sensibility than in his Chopin playing; but there are some patches of bad tone and some inadmissible cuts, one (in Op. 142, No. 4) quite considerable. JOHANN STRAUSS: *Blue Danube* (arr. Schultz-Evler); *Kaiserwalzer* (arr. Pennario) (Pennario. **CCL 7514). The tone may not always be impeccable, but it is impossible to withhold two stars from a record as marvellously played as this. Also recommended: SCHUBERT: Moments Musicaux, Op. 94, Nos. 1 and 4 (Fischer. **DB 21551); DEBUSSY: *Clair de lune*, and ALBENIZ (Arr. Godowsky): Tango (Lympany. **C 4203); RAVEL: *Le gibet* (Scherzer. **R 3615).

Vocal. PURCELL: *Dido and Aeneas*—complete opera (Flagstad/Schwarzkopf/Mandikian/Hemsley, etc./Mermaid Singers and Orch/Geraint Jones. §ALP 1026). The best, though not the only, reason for buying this disc is the dramatically noble, and vocally magnificent, assumption by Kirsten Flagstad. The choral singing, and the Aeneas, are better than those in the Nixa version. The recording, however, is very variable: adequate in Act 1, very poor in Act 2, quite good in Act 3; and the harpsichord continuo, a casualty in the Nixa disc, is again far too distant. It was not a good idea to cast Miss Schwarzkopf for two different parts, in neither of which she appears at home; and that excellent singer, Arda Mandikian, is hardly at her best as the Sorceress, the tessitura of which seems to be too low for her. There is much pleasure to be derived from some parts of this record; but as an authentic account of the opera I continue to prefer the Nixa version. ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC—Third Series (LX 1563-72 and LB 132-3), I found this anthology, which again ranges from the 16th century to the present day, somewhat disappointing. The music is, on the whole, well chosen; but the singing nearly always has that dismal, hooty quality which is the bane of English church choirs, and the over-resonant recording muddles the inner parts. Of all these discs the most satisfactory appear to me to be *LB 132, containing Byrd's *Laudibus in sanctis*, sung in very good style by New College Choir, and *LX 1570, in which Stanford's *The Lord is My Shepherd* is well suited to the singing of Canterbury Cathedral Choir. MONTEVERDI: *Tirsi e Clori* (ballet with song); *Iro's Air*; "Tempro la cetra" (Meili/Scherz-Meister/Schola Cantorum Basiliensis/Weinzinger. *§Nixa CLP 1085). The plaint of the cowardly collaborator, Irus, from "The Return of Ulysses," is a most arresting example of early music-drama, splendidly sung by Max Meili, who also does full justice to the vocal acrobatics of "Tempro la cetra," a kind of "tenor concerto," as it is described on the label. The reverse is rather more conventional, but equally well sung. This admirable disc will be welcomed by amateurs of the period. BERG: *Der Wein* (Boerner/Janssen Sym Orch/Janssen. §CCL 7515). This is a setting, made in 1929, of three sonnets by Baudelaire. The music, in the twelve-note style, is continuous, the structure symphonic, and (as always with Berg) this strange, elusive work has many passages of beautiful and mysterious sound. Repeated hearings might well arouse wholehearted admiration, for Elsa Boerner has a pleasing voice and the recording is good; but readers are warned that the singer on several occasions departs widely from the written notes (though this would not, I think, be perceptible to anyone who was not following with the score), and the whole of one side of the disc is occupied by a lecture on the music by the critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Mr. Alfred Frankenstein's discourse is sensible and to the point, but in the circumstances rather expensive! (The Nixa LP versions of Haydn's *Creation* and "Nelson" Mass, though no doubt well performed, with excellent singers, are much too poorly recorded to be recommended on any grounds at all.) Also recommended: MOZART: *Così fan tutte*—"Ah, guarda" (Jurinac/Thebom) and "Fra gli amplessi" (Jurinac/Lewis. **DB 21116).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,199

Set by Tom Bowling

It has been suggested to the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce that there should be a Highway Code on Marriage for issue by the registrar to prospective spouses. The usual prizes are offered for extracts from such a document. Limit 150 words of prose or a dozen lines of verse. Entries by February 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,196

Set by Guy Walsingham

Peers have had to ballot for seats in the Abbey for the Coronation, and many of them have reacted indignantly to this curtailment of privilege. The usual prizes are offered for a comment on this situation from a Shakespearean duke, a Wildean dowager, a Gilbertian peer from *Iolanthe*, and one of Mr. Belloc's aristocratic menagerie. Limit: 20 lines of verse or, for the Wilde, 150 words of prose.

Report by Guy Walsingham

Disappointingly, not one of the uncommonly large entry came on coroneted paper. The thoughts of peers, no doubt, lay far too deep for parody; perhaps only a plebeian bad taste could have set such a competition at all. Disappointingly, too, only one Bellocean peer made any kind of show: Frank Dunnill's Earl of Booze—

> "I've bought my title fair and square,"
> His Lordship bawled, in accents rare
> In that exclusive part of town
> Where belted brewers settle down. . . . .

The Shakespearean dukes had the keenest nose for foul play: witness H. A. C. Evans's—

> Common! Ay, there's the heart o't, for myself
> Observ'd his courtship to the common people—
> I speak of the Earl Marshal—knew him swift
> To woo the commons with uncommon zeal,
> And, in pursuit of this, to throw away
> Tradition, form and ceremonious duty. . . .

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Few of the Gilbertian peers had the necessary neatness, though L. F. Goldsmid's began excellently :

I am properly proud to proclaim that a crowd
Of my ancestors went to the scaffold,
But how they would turn in their coffins to learn
That their heir must submit to be raffled !

And of those who tried Wilde, few appeared to grasp that his dowagers would no more make do with any old paradox than with any old hat.

First prize of three guineas to Lakon for a really dazzling Lord Chancellor's Song, which impudently keeps just within the line-limit ; a guinea each to the other three printed.

LORD MOUNTARARAT in *Iolanthe*

When your credit's been blocked and your coronet hocked and you've flogged all your velvet and ermine
And your castle's in pawn and park, forest and lawn are infested by Coal Boards and vermin ;
When your hopes have been bust by the National Trust—you can't even be a caretaker,
As a guide you're effete, it's so hard on the feet and her ladyship's *not* a teamaker ;
To earn a few bob you have taken a job with a bloke who's a nob in the City—
Then, the word " Coronation " spells more degradation You say to yourself : " It's a pity
You cannot afford to behave like a Lord. You are faded and wornout and shabby."
But up says yourself : " You're not quite on the shelf. You'll at least get a seat in the Abbey."
Your heart swells with pride and you feel good inside —until you remember " Regalia."
You go to your bank and make free with your rank, but you just draw a blank. You're a failure.
You can't even hire the wretched attire. Not even a theatrical costumier
Would hazard a loss to put you across. Your prospect's decidedly gloomier
But there's a faint hope. You're not quite a dope, but you know, though you can't say who said it,
That luck favours fools ; and up come the Pools. You have twenty-two points to your credit
It's quite a small dividend, but you can live again. There's an ad in *The Times* and you grab it
It may be utility or some such futility, velveteen trimmed with pussy or rabbit.
You find it will fit you. At last you're *in situ*, all ready for what is to come, and
Feeling quite clever, though hard up as ever, you wait in your turn to be summoned.
Then it's hard to be told that you're out in the cold like some more highly born ; that you haven't been drawn ; and although the Earl Marshal has been most impartial and the Lord Chief Justice would never entrust his fair name to a venture that any Queen's Bencher could show had been fiddled—you *know* you've been diddled ; it's one of those things, those arrows and slings, that are sent to frustrate and to baffle ;
And at last it's quite clear that being a peer is a very poor joke—he's a pig in a poke or a prize in a fourpenny raffle.

LAKON

SHAKESPEAREAN DUKE

Shall the base drawing of a lot be made
The means of choosing from the country's best—
Whose smallest sneer should make the vile knees knock
Of common persons—which of us shall be
In the proud Abbey when the Queen is crowned !
Shall noble hands in some gross hat be dipped
To pick out paper, and that paper be
Sole arbiter of our imperious right !
Then are our barons bowler'd democrats !
Snatch off, I say, my o'erhired coronet,
And on my head jam down a clothy cap !
My robes, that great Moss lent, rend from my back
(First compensating him), and in their place
A boilersuit, that toil has stained, put on !
Call me not " Lord," but coarsely hail me " mate " !
I tell you, brother peers, there was a time
When, for an act like this, the commons should
Have felt our swords' sharp edge.. . . . No, no, Lord Smith,
Jostle me not, nor your umbrella ply :
I'll first dip in, or know the reason why !

EDWARD BLISHEN

WILDEAN DOWAGER

From a *hat* ? But whose hat ? And what is the name of his hatter ? My dear Gerald, I hope you will make the most careful inquiries before involving yourself more deeply in this singular arrangement. A man's hat exists simply and solely to be lifted ; not to have things lifted out of it—except, one is told, in the case of organ-grinders and conjurors. You should ignore the whole affair. I am sure the dear Queen will be the first to understand your absence and sympathise with its unfortunate cause. One does not gamble over matters of privilege. Imagine the chaos in society if someone like Lord Henry Stratton could *throw* for the privilege of taking me into dinner. I will not be diced for, Gerald. In any case, I understand from dear Dr. Aumbry that the seats are excessively draughty—even for people in the best robes.

PAUL DEHN

DICK : You saw Lord Silchester's letter to *The Times* ?

LADY TADLEY : Certainly not. I have always believed it ill-bred to read newspapers ; newspaper readers claim, with justification, to be well informed, and claims are so vulgar when they are justified.

DICK : Including Lord Tadley's successful claim to carry the Rouge Banner ?

LADY TADLEY : My son's claim, to which you allude with an accuracy I find presumptuous in one so young, may have been successful, but it is certainly not justified. Only appearance justifies a man in carrying banners ; my son's qualities are more valuable.

DICK Character is the true distinction, you mean.

LADY TADLEY : Are you putting words into my mouth, Mr. Dorking ? Pray do not. The only people whom I allow to put things into my mouth are Fortnums. No : character means frankness, and frankness is so excessively deceiving. As to Coronations, they are like race-meetings. What one can see is immaterial ; the important thing is to be in the correct enclosure.

ROGER ERSKINE

CHESS : Thrust and Counter-thrust

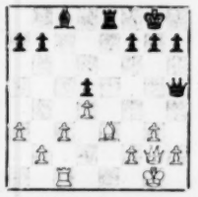
No. 176

For once it seems quite creditable for much-maligned human nature that most of us delight in seeing the underdog come out on top ; we are even more delighted when the change of fortune occurs as suddenly and dramatically as in this position where White, after (1) R x P ch, B x R. (2) Q-KKt2 leaned back contentedly thinking it was all over. It was ! Though rather differently from what he had imagined : for after (2) . . . B-R7 ! ! it was White who had to resign forthwith. It happened in the game Sooslov-Shamaiev in some Russian factory tournament, and we owe this delightful find to H. Lobbenberg—a " Reader's Own Discovery " rather than an original contribution, such as this excellent game won by Dr. J. Bronowski against none less than Broadbent.

(1) P-Q4	P-K3	(14) P x QP	KP x P
(2) Kt-KB3	P-KB4	(15) Kt x Kt	Q x Kt
(3) P-KKt3	Kt-KB3	(16) P x P	B x Kt
(4) B-Kt2	B-K2	(17) P-B6	B x BP
(5) O-O	O-O	(18) KtP x B	Kt-K5
(6) P-QKt3	P-Q4	(19) R-B1	Q-K3
(7) Kt-K5	P-QKt3	(20) Q-Q4	R-B3
(8) B-Kt2	B-Kt2	(21) P-KB3	Kt-B4
(9) Kt-QB3	QKt-Q2	(22) P-K4	R-Kt3
(10) P-K3	P-B4	(23) P-QKt4	Kt-R5
(11) Kt-K2	B-Q3	(24) P x BP	Q x P
(12) Kt-KB4	Q-K2	(25) R x B	Kt x B
(13) P-B4	QR-Q1	(26) R x R	P x R
		(27) Q x Kt	resigns

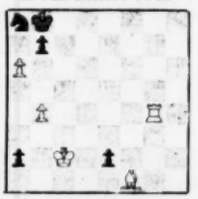
My next chessbook token this time goes to E. Jones who, telling a story against himself sent in this position which he ought to have lost (but didn't). But there were some interesting complications after Jones (White) had gone for (32) Kt-K4, Q-Kt2. (33) R-Q1, R-Q1. (34) R-Q7, R x R. (35) P x R. Here Black blundered by R-Q1 and was promptly floored by (36) Q-K8 ch, etc. Black, of course, had been afraid to take the P, but he could have countered (36) Kt x P by (36) . . . B x P ch, etc.

A : E. W. Carmichael 1952



In this week's competition I am glad to accommodate yet another " Reader's Own " as the usual 4-pointer for beginners. It is a game-position in which Carmichael (Black) was to move and caused his opponent's resignation in three moves. As for **B** —White to win—and **C**—White to draw—they are none too easy, but they should not be under-rated either with 6 and 7 points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by February 23.

B : Z. Birnov 1948



C : G. Afanaszev 1948

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set January 24

A : (1) B x P, R (either) x B, (2) R x R, R x R, (3) R x P ch, K-R4, (4) P-B3 ! etc.
B : (1) Kt-B7 ch, K-K3, (2) B-Kt3 ch, K-Q2, (3) B-R4 ch, K-K3, (4) P-Q7 ! Kt-B3 ch, (5) K-Kt5, Kt x P, (6) B-Kt3 mate.
C : (1) Kt-Q5 !, B-Kt2, (2) P-B7, B x Kt ch, (3) K-K3, P queens, (4) P queens, Q-K8 ch, (5) K-B4, Q-B7 ch, (6) K-K5, Q x Q, stalemate.
(1) P-B7, P queens. (2) P queens, Q-K7 ch and wins the Q.

Well over a score of perfectly flawless solutions. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, G. E. Crow, J. Mitchell, J. D. Taylor.

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LIVE in the country! Large bedsit. complete as flatlet, foot of downs, approx. 25s. inc. elec. and cleaning, to indep't. woman willing help another's simple housekpng. Comf. bed, etc. Unspoilt accessible village nr. Lewes. Share and exploit vegetable garden if interested. Live seperately but neighbourly. Box 6830.

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WANTED unfurn./part furn. 3-6 rmd. flat, or pt./whole hse. London for 1-2 couples who consider their total 3 children necessity rather than nuisance. Box 6844.

PROFESSOR'S daughter requires semi/unfurn. flat, 2/3 rooms. Box 6843.

YNG. cple. (baby) need unfurn. flat 3-6 rooms, (use of) gdn., N.W., willing undertake repairs, decn.; rent in adv. Comberti, 19 W. Heath Drive, N.W.11. SPE. 8985.

GRADUATE couple require accommodation Wanstead area. Box 6592.

WRITER sks. small unfurn. flat London/Thames valley. Advance rent. Box 6697.

PLEASE have you spare accom. in lge. house, attic? Yng. post-grad. nurse student, husband, no children, require pt./unfurn. flat London/reas. distance. Reas. rent essential. Consider baby-sit., etc. Box 6810.

URG. needed. Furn./unfurn. accom. where reliable tenant (f.) can live independently & economically. Central area. Box 6741.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HERBERT Read attacks state aid for the arts in this week's "Tribune," now on sale. For fourpence you can also read Jennie Lee's discussion of "Tito the Giant-Killer"; challenge to Left-wing novel readers by Laurence Thompson; Kenneth Rexroth's description of American book business; "A Night with Œdipus," by Richard Findlater; J. P. W. Mallalieu's investigation of those Bevanite Brains Trusts; and many other pieces on politics, people and the arts. Have you ordered your copy?

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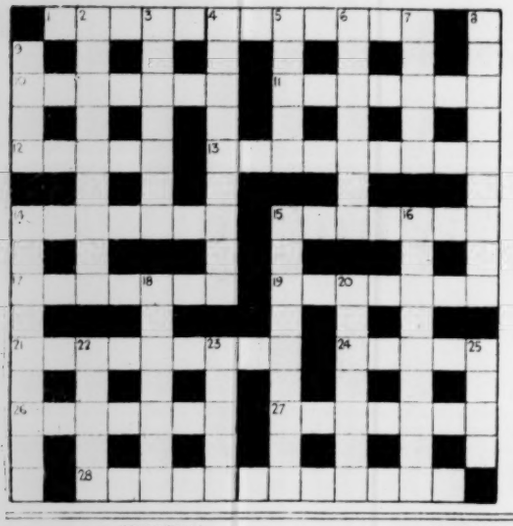
Week-end Crossword No. 35



ACROSS

1. Fate seems to have given Mrs. Kennedy both names (5, 7).
10. Here there is little work at the factory (7).
11. The reforming saint is unhappy for those who cause suffering (7).
12. Weapon that is a knife (5).
13. Characteristic of Americans abroad (9).
14. Boring batsman? (7).
15. Worries animals (7).
17. Group behaviour seen in the House? (7).
19. The game back at Southend after returning punishment tries to stop an opponent (7).
21. Tells about four near ones (9).
24. A line without a circle makes a good shot (5).
26. Just the actress for a Shakespeare play (7).
27. I seem upset about exercises (7).
28. Safe speed limit? (5, 7).

DOWN

2. Moor was an athlete (9).
3. He was known by a diphthong (7).
4. Plausible argument is a concession to man's effort (9).
5. Where to eat abroad? (5).
6. Political leader in debt, so lowered in rank (7).
7. Nears a market town (5).
8. Has the sheriff's men at first (9).
9. The fellow is a wash out (4).
14. Wit who composes under a censorship? (9).
15. She cleans up a male graduate (9).
16. Twisted in *L'Allegro* (9).
18. It sounds like a greeting for a painter (7).
20. Vessel or aircraft (7).
22. Illuminates (5).
23. Considered as a feature of Castelnuovo-Tedesco's music (5).
25. The headstrong have an accident if caught at the beginning (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 31

PERSONAL

PERSONAL Secretary of M.P. (resigned), also experienced literary work, seeks part-time job with professional man. Box 6355.

YOUNG interested trainee: small Old Bond Street studio offers full individual training in Portrait Photography to high standard. Box 6945.

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LADY artist wishes part-time teaching work, pref. with children. Box 6771.

WIDOWER (47); Univ. Lect. (Yorks); 2 sons (20, 16), 2 daughters (8, 5); interests: chamber music, walking, family; no car, no TV; reqs. housekeeper. Might suit widow, 1-2 yng. children, needing comf. home, willing to give motherly care. Box 6754.

ECONOMICAL Holidays. Exchange Flats. Couple near Taunton wish meet someone Regent's Park area. Box 6638.

FOREIGNER (m.) amateur photog. in England from May, would welcome suggestions for inexpensive holiday or congenial employment. Box 6244.

AU Pair. We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Enc. s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

EVENING cooking: who would shop & cook slimming evg. meal (1 pers.), S. Kns. dist., for approx. 7.30 p.m.? Box 6915.

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WOULD English boy exch. summer holiday with German boy 16 yrs.? Box 6803.

NURSE sks. holiday job 2 weeks commencing March 15. Desperate. Box 6706.

PROFESSIONAL lady, 58, retired, very active, seeks similar with time and inclination for holidays, anywhere, anytime. Please write Box 6642.

AUTHOR going abroad will sell copyright some legal MSS. & fiction. Box 6897.

ELIZ. Bechervaise (Double A.R.C.M., 11 yrs. B.B.C. singing staff) teaches singing & piano. 113 Elgin Ave., W.9. CUN. 6590.

DELIGHTFUL Summer Holidays in Austria and Switzerland conducted or free lance £29 to £39 including air-travel to Basle, 14 nights hotel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns. N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CONSOLIDATE your French. Group meets for literary and topical discussion one evening a week in private house, Wimbledon. For details telephone WIM. 0568.

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WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D.191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

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ISLAND holiday, small fully furn. cottage on remote island off coast Donegal. 4 comf. beds, water, some mod. cons.; daily help. Own beach and use of dinghy, from March to Oct. Rent 5-7*gns.* weekly, according to dates still available. Mayo, Wel. 1740.

FLORENCE. Few vacancies in group travelling April 1-19. PRI. 3320.

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PORTRAITS by a good painter, 12*gns.* each (unframed). 2 all-day sittings, or as convenient. Box 6839.

PERSONAL—continued

ALL Nations Social Club are opening a new Club Centre at Binney St., Oxford St. (between Selfridges and Bond St. station). Sub. now only 5s. annually, plus 1s. attendance fee per evening, which covers all activities (lectures, conferences, dancing table-tennis, etc.). Particulars: Secretary-General, All Nations Social Club, Ltd., 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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THE N.U.S. Spring Programme offers many interesting 15- to 16-day sight-seeing tours among which are the following: Across Austria at £35 10s., through Sicily for £38 5s., to Menton, Avignon & Paris for £32 17s. 6d., and to the Spanish Centres of Granada and Palafrugell for £31 15s and £28 15s. respectively. Full details of these and other tours are now available from the National Union of Students Travel Department, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

FERIENKURSE im Ausland. Cours de Vacances a l'etranger—Corsi Estivi All' Estro—Summer holiday courses for students and language enthusiasts Naples, Nice, Bonn, Geneva, Biarritz and others allowing three weeks stay abroad at incl. prices ranging from 28*gns.* to 39*gns.* Write for programme to Specialised Travel Service Ltd., 66 Paddington St., London, W.1. (WEL. 9935.)

17-DAY European holidays are possible within the £25 allowance. Write for your copy of our new programme showing how this may be achieved through: Hotel Plan, Ltd., 245 Regent Street, London, W.1. GROsvenor 8921.

AUSTRIAN Tyrol holiday arranged by Progressive League. Congenial company. Aug. 8/23. 13 days in 1st-class hotel. Mountain walks, swimming, sunshine, dancing, tennis. From £27. Full parties. from Hol. Organiser, P.L., 10 Park Drive, N.W.11.

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PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

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KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9, "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

PERSONAL—continued

MAN, 34, own tel., typewriter, duplicator, driving licence; 30 miles London; seeks part-time work. Box 6758.

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WANTED—stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Co. Tipperary.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

CANAL Cruising holidays for fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2 or 6 people. Houseboat with motorboat on a lovely lake. Canal Cruising Co. (N.), Stone, Staffs.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 11*gns.* esg. Stage avlble. for try-outs of plays, etc. WHI. 3678.

P.S. For news of fantastically inexpensive and lengthy holidays abroad turn to Harold Ingham's announcement on page 177.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

OLD Hampstead—Close to Summit of Heath and Tube Stn. Small non-basement house in an old-world Square. 4/5 bed Bath. Double reception room, etc. Freehold £5,500. Sole agents Potters 47, Heath Street, N.W.3. Tel.: HAM. 6075.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow. Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship. The University Court will be considering shortly an Appointment to the Stevenson Lectureship in Citizenship, tenable in the first instance for a maximum period of five years from October 1, 1953, or from such later date as may be arranged. The appointment will be full-time. The stipend will be £800 to £1,000 per annum, with superannuation. All who may be interested are asked to communicate with the undersigned, who will supply further particulars. Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

UNIVERSITY of Glasgow.—Applications are invited for an appointment as Research Assistant in Economics in the Sub-Department of Soviet Social and Economic Institutions. Applicants should possess qualifications in Economics. Salary scale: £500 to £800. F.S.S.U. and family allowance. Applications (5 copies) should be lodged, not later than February 28, 1953, with the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained.—Robt. T. Hutcheson, Secretary of University Court.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Road, S.W.17. Principal: Miss C. Fletcher, B.A. Applications invited for posts of (i) Lecturer in primary education; thorough insight into needs of children and good teaching experience required; (ii) lecturer in English; good qualifications and teaching experience essential. Training college (London) scale salary. Application forms from Principal (send stamped addressed foolscap envelope) to whom they should be returned as soon as possible. Appointments will be to the Council's service from September with assignment to this college. (131).

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments.—The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering subjects; and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1953 with a view to obtaining the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 22 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer, £628—£786 (men); £533—£655 (women). Assistant Experimental Officers, £274—£586 (men); £274—£490 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men), £467 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

CITY of Coventry Education Committee. Youth Service.—Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Youth Officer (man or woman). Salary in accordance with Grade IIIA.P.T. Division of the National Joint Council Scales (£525 × £15—£570 per annum) subject to an additional £26 p.a. (man) or £19 10s. (woman) if fulfilling the Council's requirements. Applicants should have had experience of work amongst young people and the possession of teaching qualifications or a Social Science Diploma will be an added qualification. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, Council House, Coventry, to whom the completed forms should be returned without delay.

HOSTESS required for Mary Macarthur Holiday Home for Working Women, Stansted, Essex. Duties include care for comfort and entertainment of guests, supervision of domestic staff, catering, etc. Salary £300 per annum, plus residence. Particulars from Secretary, Miss G. Lawson, 152 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.10. Apply before Feb. 27 giving name of one ref. and testimonials.

HOUSEMOTHER for small school. Must be experienced and used to country life. £150 per annum without deduction for residence. Box 6876

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CITY of Sheffield, Children's Department. Chief Boarding-Out Officer (Woman) required with degree or Social Science Diploma. Must also be capable organiser, and able to control staff. Superannuable post in Grade A.P.T. IV (£555 × £15—£600). N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Medical examination. Applications, giving age, qualifications, experience, and two referees by February 24, 1953, to John Heys, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Sheffield, 1.

COUNTY Borough of Bolton. Applications are invited for a Psychiatric Social Worker for duties in a Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold a Mental Health Certificate or Diploma and preference will be given to those with experience in Child Guidance work. Salary according to Whitley Council Scale, viz.: £500 × £20—£640. The commencing salary for candidates with less than two years experience as a Psychiatric Social Worker will be abated by £15 for each year short of the required two years. The appointment is superannuable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Forms of application together with conditions of appointment may be obtained from the undersigned to whom completed applications should be returned not later than Saturday, February 28, 1953. Philip S. Rennison, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bolton.

INTERNATIONAL Work Camps. Assistant Organising Secretary required by British Branch of International voluntary organisation, preferably with experience of similar work, for London office in April. Application form from Box 6444.

LADY Cook (experienced) required, able take charge Manageress's absence. Pleasant private hotel (sea-front well-known sheltered winter resort two hours London), catering for those with public-spirited outlook. Open throughout year; Numbers between 18 and 45 guests. If married or with friend could reside nearby flat. Write age, experience, remuneration. Box 6795.

PERSONNEL Officer, large West London factory, requires Assistant (female) for general duties, including compilation and editing of works' magazine. Applicant must be able to type and have good general education, shorthand. A flair for journalistic writing advantageous. Age 21-35. Salary £6-£6 10s. 5-day week. Apply Box 6877, stating age and experience.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff placed—perm. and temp. Typing/Duplictg., Translatns., Trafalgar 9090.

SECRETARY required for interesting post with voluntary medical welfare organisation. Married woman essential, shorthand-typing, knowledge office routine. Salary £350-£375 p.a. according to qualifics. and experience. Full details to Box 6872.

ORGANISATION concerned with educational exchanges reqs. intell. yng. shthand-typist with some kndge. German. Box 6917.

SECRETARY with good shorthand typing speeds wanted in Welfare Department of Infantile Paralysis Fellowship, Rugby Chambers, Great James St., W.C.1. CHA. 4251.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WELFARE and Administration. Advertiser (41). Public School, urgently reqs. post in/nr. London with Charity or sim. Organisation. Offers/suggestions welc. Box 6743.

FINAL year B.Sc. (Econs.) male, 24; specialising government; interests: arts, politics; literary ambitions, seeks opening July. Varied experience from lecturing to bricklayer's mate. Box 6659.

ANY offers? Newcastle/Tyne bach. 31, sks. post. 14 yrs. office exp. (5 yrs. R.A.F. admin. typing) book-keeping, etc. Interested politics, social welfare. Travelled 8 countries. Own typewriter. Box 6752.

ENGROSSING appointment of responsibility required by young (27) woman executive. Proven background of administrative, organising and secretarial experience, with technical knowledge, including advertising/editorial photography, publicity, fashion. Wide artistic interests and flair. Decisive, friendly personality. Box 6823.

DUTCH lady (age 37, young appearance) seeks post as cook and housekeeper, to couple, possibly 1 child. Or to bachelor(s), in London or Ipswich. Pref. artistic people. T. Rindert, Wagenstraat 118, The Hague.

YOUNG woman, A.L.A., now senior assistant in public library, requires library post London area. Box 6780.

WOMAN graduate, 23, speech, drama teacher, requires post in school or nursery school mornings only. From middle April. N.W. area preferred. Box 6802.

COMPETENT woman secretary (ex-reporter), keen, versatile, good speeds, seeks full/part-time job in newspaper office, or with author or publishers. Box 6556.

WRITER seeks part- or full-time work. Will consider anything. J. E. Smith, 69 Warwick Square, London, S.W.1.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. 3s. 6d., postage 2d., from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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C'WALL, Castle Rock Hotel (AA-RAC), Port Isaac for Position, Food, Comf., Enjoyment. Reduced tms. Easter/July 6-7½gns. High season 8-8½gns. Broch. Tel. 219.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Club Licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SWISS Holiday. Hotel Moy, Oberhofen on Lake Thun, offers special 10-day terms of £15 all inclusive for front room with balcony from May 1 to July 15 and in September and October. Prospectus on request.

SOUTH Cornwall: River Fowey. Holiday accommodation, excellent food, large farmhouse. All modern comforts. Brochure. Mrs. Wheeler, Penquite, Golant, Par, Cornwall. 'Phone Fowey 124.

ENGLISH Lakes. Highly recommended — sunny spacious rooms, "Dorchester," 17 Southey St., Keswick.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334, 7 (ex. Mn.), St., Sn., 5 & 8. "The Breadwinner." Mems.

ATTIC Players present Euripides' "The Women of Troy" tr. Philip Vellacott, Toynbee Hall, Feb. 19 & 20 at 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 4s. & 3s. from J. R. Cottle, Dulwich College, S.E.21, or GIP. 2627, or at door.

UNITY (Bus. 5391). "The Bridge of Life." Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Mems.

IRVING Whi. 8657. Evgs. 7.30 (ex Mon.), Sun. 6.30. The famous Victorian Melodrama, "The Drunkard." Mems. 5s. year.

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EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Clair Season. Until Feb. 15: "Le Silence est d'Or" (A). Fr. Feb. 16 "An Italian Straw Hat" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sun., Feb. 15 to Wed., Feb. 18. 6.15, 8.30. Wed., Mat. 2.30 (Mems. only). Frank Capra's "Long Pants," with Harry Langdon. Sat., Feb. 14, open to public. Cartoon and 3-dimensional films: Disney, MacLaren, etc. Doors 12.45. Details mem.: British Inst., 164 Shaftesbury Av., W.C.2.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Feb. 15, 7.30 "La Marie du Port" (A) (French).

SOVIET Film Festival. Wk. Feb. 16-21. Scala Theatre. 7.30. Mon., "Country Doctor." Tues., "Donets Miners." Wed., Gala Festival. Thurs., "Broken Fetters." Fri., "Pattern For Life." Sat., "Bountiful Summer." Sat., 2.45 "Children's Matinee" (children half-price). Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Scala Theatre, Charlotte St., W.1 (MUS. 5731). Pres. by Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society.

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Tuesday, February 17, 8 p.m. Seven Kings Library Hall. "Film Ballet" from five countries. On the Stage: Indian Music and Dancing. Admission 2s.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League (C.L.B.) Dance—original date Feb. 14—now to be held March 21 (Fancy Dress).

GLENCOE Arts Club. Sailing Barge adj. Tower Pier, Sat. 14th. Dancing to 3 Boys & A Bonga. Philippa Reid sings. Mems. 2s., guests 3s. Life Class every Sat. afternoon, 2-4.30, 2s. 6d. HIL. 2592.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening party at Tate Gallery to see "The Art of Mexico" exhibition. March 3, 8-11 p.m. Members tickets 10s. 6d., guests 13s. 6d. (including refreshments). Membership from 1gn. Apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Fri., Feb. 27 at 8 p.m. Smeterlin in a Chopin Recital. Tkts. 12s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. WAT. 3191 & agts.

MACNAGHTEN New Music Group. Monday, Feb. 23, 7.30 p.m. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Works by Boughton, Smith-Masters, Stevens, Bennett, Rajna, Baines. Adm. 3s. 6d. at door.

BEETHOVEN & Bartok Series. Queen Mary Hall Music Club presents 3rd Concert, Wed., Feb. 18, 7.30. Hirsch Quartet. Beethoven Ops. 18, No. 2; 59, No. 2; Bartok No. 1. Seats 4s. & 2s. 6d. Box Off. Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Room). The Apollo Society presents a recital of Poetry and Music, Sunday, Feb. 15, 7.45 p.m. Catherine Lacey, Christopher Hassall, Joan Davies. WATerloo 3191 & Agents.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Sunday, February 15 at 7.30 p.m. Musical Evening at the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Michael Chazan (piano), Jascha Davidoff (violin), Jeannette Sinclair (soprano) accompanied by Marjorie Wardle. Members 3s. 6d. Mems.' Guests 5s. Refrshmts. incl.

EXHIBITIONS

DRAWINGS for Pictures. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 7. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, London, W.1. Pottery and Ceramics by Wolfgang Meyer-Michael.

ROY Turner Durrant Recent Paintings. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Feb. 9-27 (inc.) Mon.-Fri., 10-5.

APOLLINAIRE, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Recent paintings by Sven Blomberg. Feb. 13-March 2. 11-7 incl. Sat.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by Jack Smith and Paintings by Ten Young Artists.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W.14. (1) Sculpture & drawing, Bentley Claughton, Denis Curry. (2) Works by Carter, Alexander, Weatherby, Powter. Daily 10-5, Thurs. 10-8. Sats. 10-1.

OPPOSING Forces. Paintings by Sam Francis, Georges Mathieu, Henri Michaux, Alfonso Osorio, Jackson Pollock, Jean-Paul Riopelle, Iaroslav Serpan. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tuesday to Friday, 11-6. Saturday 11-5.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 1775-1851. 11-6, Sundays 2-6, Closed Mondays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Yorkshire Landscapes by L. Colbourn. Terracotta Animals by P. Ascherson. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, London, W.1. Frederick Franck: First Exhibition in England.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Recent paintings by Adrian Ryan; Frederick Gore; and Paul Feiler. Watercolours by Hilde Stieler. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and James Hull.

THE Hanover Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings by Peter Foldes. Drawings and Engravings by Mario Prassinos. Until March 6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth: British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun exc.) 10-5. Free.

MATISSE Sculpture and Studies for Paintings. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Open till Feb. 22. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIV. of London Philosophical Study Group Lectures. School of Oriental Studies, Malet St., 5.15 p.m. Tues., Feb. 17. Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, "The Philosophy of Biology"; Tues., March 3, Rev. A. C. Bouquet, "The Philosophy of Religion"; Tues., March 10, Prof. C. A. Mace, "The Philosophy of Conduct."

ALL Nations Social Club. A One Evening Conference. "Deadlock in Korea." Stephen Swingler, M.P. (Labour), Hamilton Kerr, M.P. (Cons.), 8 p.m., Friday, February 20 at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum, debate on "Was the Prague Trial Anti-Semitic?" between Rev. Dr. A. Cohen, President of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, & Prof. Hyman Levy, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E. Thurs., Feb. 19, 7.30 p.m., Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec. Wel. 0136 for reservation of seats.

ADLERIAN Society of Great Britain: "The Application of Individual Psychology to the Problem of Work" by Miss K. H. Thompson, M.A.O.T. Last of three co-ordinated lectures on "The Three-fold Challenge of Life." Punctually at 7.30 p.m., Friday, February 20, at Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Non-members 2s. Weekend Lecture School, Oxon., June. Parties, s.a.e. Sec., 9 Downside Crescent, N.W.3.

BENTLEY Execution protest meeting St. Pancras Town Hall Wed. Feb. 18, 7.30. Speakers: Sydney Silverman, M.P.; Dr. Donald Soper, Sybil Morrison; Frank Dawtry; F. A. Ridley; C. H. Norman; Philip Sansom.

"THE Part played by the Hebrew University and the Arts in the Life of the Nation." Monday, Feb. 16 at 6 p.m. at the Royal Society of Arts. Speaker: Professor Norman Bentwich, O.B.E. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P. Members free: others 2s. Tickets from The Secretary, Anglo-Israel Assoc., 13 Mansfield St., W.1.

THE Ringelbloom Archives, historic diary of Nazi occupation of Poland up to destruction of Warsaw Ghetto, hidden by Dr. Ringelbloom in Ghetto ruins. Mr. Alec Wasserman will analyse these important documents, Fri. Feb. 13 at 7.45. Chairman Rev. Stanley Evans. Refmts. All welcome. British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Pl., W.1.

POPULATION and Plenty. Neo-Malthusianism exposed. Public Meeting. Thurs., Feb. 26, 7.30. Holborn Hall. Speakers: Biologist & Doctor, Chair: Prof. H. Levy. Tkts. for resvd. seats, 6d.: London Communist Party, 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1. HOL. 6433.

AGRICULTURE in new 5-year Plan. J. Dunman. Thursday, Feb. 19, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and Students 1s.).

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Feb. 15. S. K. Ratcliffe, "Church & State." Questions after lecture. Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. 1s.

VIRGINIA Fleming: "Courage to speak and restraint to be silent." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 11 a.m.

ROY Simpson, "Ownership and Property." Youngor Disc. Group (Hampstead Ethical Soc.), Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, corner Hampstead Hill Gdns., Mon., Feb. 16, 8 p.m.

EDWARD Wilson, M.D. (Non-Register), will lecture on Plural Marriage (Collateral Marital Union) on Feb. 22. Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, at 7 p.m. Collection. Bayswater Stations, Circle and Central. (No further announcement.) Also April 12.

MRS. Cummings will speak on "Soil, Food and Health," Feb. 20, 8.15 p.m. All welc. No collection. Indian Institute of Culture London Branch, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace and Craven Road).

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Law and Practice in Northern Ireland" will be given by Rt. Hon. Lord MacDermott at 5 p.m. on February 20 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower Street, W.C.1. Adm. free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "American Politics To-day" will be given by Professor D. W. Brogan (Cambridge) at 5 p.m. on February 20 at the London School of Economics, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free without tkt.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Feb. 19, 7.45, free lecture on Egoism by Dr. Robertson.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Wed., Feb. 18, 8.30. Poetry Reading. Kathleen Raine and David Gascoyne will read from their own works. Second half: New Poetry selected by Peter Russell. Fri., Feb. 20, 8 p.m. La Musique Concrete—an experiment in synthetic music presented by Pierre Schaeffer.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Large Hall, 7, p.m. Tuesday, Feb. 17. Dr. Joseph Needham, F.R.S., "Bacterial Warfare." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Fri., Feb. 13. G. McClutchie, "Marxism."

SOVIET Film "Academician Pavlov." Introductory talk: Dr. L. Crome, Tues., Feb. 17. 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 2s. 6d. (C.C.R. & Stud. 1s. 6d.).

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., Feb. 18, 7.30. Fenner Brockway, M.P.: "Crime & Punishment in Kenya." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

"THE Truth About Mrs. Beeton." A lecture will be given by Nancy Spain for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Feb. 16, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Thurs., February 19, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Prof. C. Verlinden, Holder of Belg. Chair, Univ. London. Subject: "Un Précurseur flamand de Marco Polo: Guillaume de Rubrouck." Adm. Free.

E. HENRY: "Masaryk as Humanist" at 39 Priory Rd., N.W.6. (off Abbey Rd.) Buses 28, 31, 159. Sat., Feb. 14, at 2.45.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. Feb. 15: "The Hypnotic Menace." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62, Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

THE Buddhist Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, Wed., Feb. 18, at 6.30 p.m. "Women in Early Buddhism": Miss I. B. Horner.

PRAGUE—Berlin—Moscow. A challenge to Jewish Rights and Unity. Speakers: A. L. Easterman, M.A., LL.B., Dr. Maurice L. Perlzweig, Shad Polier, Prof. Arieh Tartakower. In the Chair: J. Halevy, M.Sc. Adolf Tuck Hall, Woburn House, Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. Thursday, February 19, at 7.30 p.m. Reserved seats on application to the Secretary, World Jewish Congress, British Section, 55 New Cavendish St., W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "The Structural Study of Myth" will be given by Professor C. Levi-Strauss (Paris) at 5 p.m. on February 23 and 24, at London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

EXPERIMENTAL Music Week-end, February 20-22, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. If you sing or play, bring your music and your instrument. Those who think they have little musical talent may expect some heartening surprises.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

DRAMA Schools, Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. (April 7-15, 4gns.); (May 9-10, £1 15s.). (July 27-Aug. 7, 5gns.). (Evg. school, Aug. 10-21, 4gns.). Dir.: Marian Naylor. Acting technique, Speech, Mime & Movement, Production, Make-up. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

POTTERY in Bath at Easter. Course begins March 30 until April 10. Fee £10 10s. non-resident. Particulars from John Shelly, Bath Pottery, 39 Gay Street, Bath.

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